AUG 9 1930

THE NEW YORKER

AUG 11 1930

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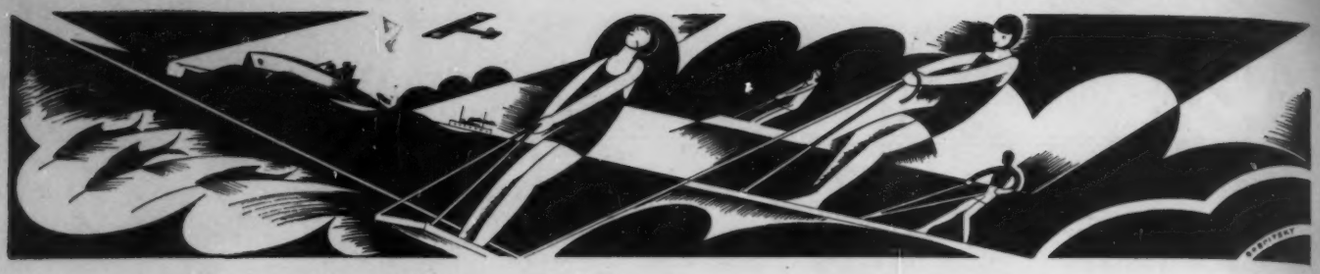

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 16. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—The story of a mother who kept giving her son advice even after she was dead—to the irritation of his young wife. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—St. John Ervine's pleasant retelling of the old story of the witty wife whose errant husband comes back. Immeasurably aided by the presence of Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Easily the most unusual and satisfying play of the season. An all-Negro cast in a naive account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentleman's war. Return engagement with a new cast headed by Richard Bird. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE LAST MILE—A finely wrought, but harrowing, account of an attempted jail-break, with death on the loose. (Harris, 42, W.)

LYSISTRATA—A fine production of Aristophanes' comedy of sex life among the Greeks, which ought to amuse everyone who believes in laughing out loud instead of leering. The cast includes Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, Hortense Alden, and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Very dirty, but often very funny, thanks to Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. The girls seem to be exceptionally good-looking. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Some more smart sketches and pleasant songs by the young people whom the Theatre Guild let use its theatre. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Even if this weren't an excellent musical show in general, it would have Jack Donahue, which would make it one in particular. Last two days. (Imperial, 45, W. Closes Sat., Aug. 9.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Harry Richman and Frances Williams will be at the Palace, Fri., Aug. 8. George Jessel and Harriet Hoctor will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 9. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

SUSPENSE—Patrick MacGill's war play, with an all-male cast. Opens Tues., Aug. 12. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

DANCING PARTNER—David Belasco's first production of the season. A comedy, from the Hungarian, by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, with Lynne Overman. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LADIES ALL—Violet Heming and Walter Woolf in a comedy by Elmer Harris adapted from the French of Prince Bibesco. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dinner dancing in the Italian Garden; quiet Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and Leo Reisman's orchestra; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For after-theatre dancing; Emil Coleman's orchestra and dances by Rosita and Ramon.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music and dances by Veloz and Yolanda; open for dinner and supper. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . Worth the trip for the harbor view: Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not up-in-the-air, but cool and airy: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting after-theatre places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge, and a rough but entertaining revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dining and dancing on the terrace.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A big open-air place for dinner, supper, and dancing. Revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.—Guy Lombardo's orchestra and good food.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—A pleasant place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Texas Guinan's summer home. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Open all night.

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., excellent food and expensive. . . . Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food

(Continued on page 4)

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 25, August 9, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Examples of fashion and value for Women and Misses

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Left—The finest Hudson seal (dyed muskrat) coat we know at this price.
August sale price . . . 290.00

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Center—A smart flared and fitted coat of silver southern muskrat and black southern muskrat.
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Right—A distinguished black karakul (dyed lamb) coat with silver fox collar.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 16. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 2)

dinners might try: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight, and Sun. at 5:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Aug. 10.)

THE BIG HOUSE—Stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot. With a story that isn't so brilliant. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

THE FLORODORA GIRL—New York in the nineties, with Marion Davies as one of the ladies of the historic sextet. Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Aug. 8; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 9-12; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A very fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive of the original London cast. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; starting Fri., Aug. 8; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

RAFFLES—Ronald Colman in an adaptation of Hornung's story. Slightly confusing, but lively. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE UNHOLY THREE—Lon Chaney in his old picture, but talking this time. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 9-11; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—Competent and interesting picture of the great expedition. Worth seeing. (Plaza, 58. E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 9-12; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 13-15; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "For the Defense," an excellent story of underworld activities, with William Powell as the crook's refuge; "Holiday," the pitiful lives of the very rich, well adapted from Philip Barry's play; "The Silent Enemy," a silent movie of the Ojibway Indians and their problems in the Far North.

OPENING OF NOTE

MOBY DICK—John Barrymore in the talkie version of the Melville tale. Opens Thurs. Eve., Aug. 14. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. 8:45 P.M.)

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Segonzac, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

NOTE—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection may be found in Galleries 20-25 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Coates conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30. Aaron Copland will be piano soloist when his "Jazz Concerto" is played, Sat., Aug. 9. Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and the Denishawn Dancers will appear Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 12, 13, and 14, only: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall: Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:45, and Sun. Eve., at 8:30. . . . N.Y.U. Campus: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 8:45, and Sat. Eve., at 8:30. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—Every Thurs. Eve., at 8:30, weather permitting: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

COLONEL LINDBERGH—Talking on "International Aviation:" Fri. Eve., Aug. 8, at 11, over WABC.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., Aug. 9 and 16, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 10, at 8:30, over WJZ. . . . Wed. Eve., Aug. 13, at 8:45, over WNYC.

PEARL BESUNER—Soprano soloist, in General Motors Hour: Mon. Eve., Aug. 11, at 9:30, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Aug. 11, at 10, over WJZ.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, with the Denishawn Dancers: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 12 and 14, at 8:30, over WOR.

BIZET PROGRAM—Shilkret conducting orchestra, in Eveready Hour: Tues. Eve., Aug. 12, at 9, over WEAF.

RUTH POSSELT—Violinist; and Robert Simmons, tenor, in RCA Hour: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 14, at 10, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.): Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. through Mon., Aug. 8-11; Yankees vs. Detroit, Tues. through Fri., Aug. 12-15; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., Aug. 16. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

GOLF—New York State Amateur, Lakeville Golf and Country Club, Great Neck, L.I.: last two days, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 9 and 10. . . . New Jersey Open, Asbury Park Golf and Country Club, Asbury Park, N. J., Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 12-14.

HORSE SHOWS—Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N.J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 8 and 9. . . . Montauk Horse Show, Montauk, L.I., Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 12-14. . . . Newport Horse Show, Newport, R.I., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 14-16. . . . East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 16.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N.Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

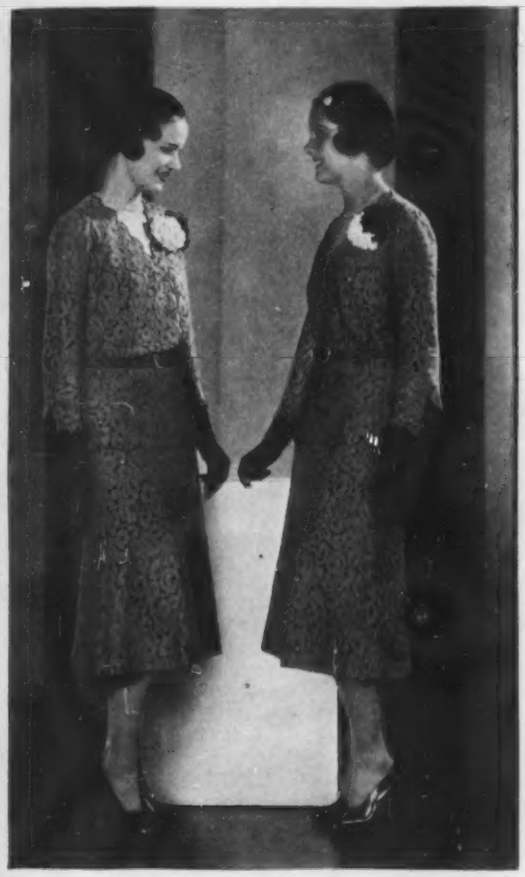
SPEEDBOAT RACES—Gold Cup Regatta, on the Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 16 and 17.

TENNIS—Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., and Men's Invitation, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I.: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 8 and 9. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 9:57 A.M.)

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Cruise: Astor Cup Race, off Newport, Fri., Aug. 8; King's Cup Race, off Newport, Sat., Aug. 9. . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, Sat., Aug. 9; Port Washington Yacht Club, Sat., Aug. 16.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in Manhattan are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; or Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

First at Best's, of course
The exciting new fashion of
WOOL LACE
which promises to be a sensational Autumn success!



The wool lace frock, 49.50

Not in a decade, at least, has August had such thrilling fashion news to tell! Wool lace made its appearance under the banner of the great Chanel a season or so ago, but the process of producing it is slow and costly, and only recently has American Industry adjusted its machines to meet the demand.

It is a charming fashion—just a bit rococo, rather sweetly feminine, eminently practical, (it doesn't wrinkle, stretch or sag, or show spots), neither too formal for sports occasions nor too sportslike for formal ones, cool enough to wear in August and with just the right degree of warmth for a New York winter!

Of course it will be a success, and Best's has it ready for you right now in its smartest versions.

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SUBURBAN STORES
Westchester *at* Mamaroneck
Long Island *at* Garden City

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Jersey Coast *at* Asbury Park
Eastern Long Island *at* Southampton

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FORTY-NINTH TO FIFTIETH STREET
NEW YORK

The Major is demonstrating with pride his new, compact "Wonder-Kit" which is to be found exclusively at his favourite shop, Saks-Fifth Avenue . . . The remarkable part of it, he states, is that after hanging two suits on the removable hangers, packing plenty of shirts, underwear, shoes and accessories . . . he can travel for any length of time and still unpack them in a condition that would please even Meadows, his exacting valet.

The "Wonder-Kit" is 18 inches wide by 22 inches long and 8 inches deep . . . is made of the best British hide and lined with Bedford Cord . . . All metal parts are Chrome Nickled.

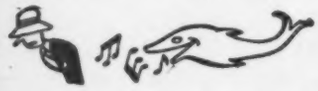
50.00

LUGGAGE—SEVENTH FLOOR

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EACH night, sprawled on the unyielding concrete of the Lewisohn Stadium, are the few thousand listeners—a calm distillation of the city's millions—lighting their glow-worm cigarettes in the dusk. We occasionally are there ourself, wraithlike and uncomfortable, sullenly aware that we could be hearing the concert better over a friend's radio. This year a ghostly violet-green light extends out from each side of the bandstand, throwing it into sharp focus and making it look disturbingly like the gaping maw of a shark—a pale shark with a bellyful of Tschaikowsky. On the underside of the platform are the jagged lines of the shark's teeth.



When this fish image preys for a long enough time on the mind, one gets up from one's bench and wanders disconsolately away in the middle of a number—probably in the middle of Tschaikowsky's Fifth, which has been walked away from under even the most ideal conditions.

IN the news, as we write, is an account of a vast "dead spot" discovered in the Pacific, fifty fathoms below the surface of the sea. There, in the dark subsurface area, no living thing moves and no free oxygen is found. It reminds us of New York's "dead spots," which scientists have never taken the trouble to investigate. The dead spot, for instance, in the pedestrian's tunnel from Forty-fifth Street into the Grand Central, where no breath of air has entered since one afternoon late in 1916. That is an eerie corridor. Life, it is true, is found there, but it is a special form of life—a small amorphous group who have managed to put moribundity on a working basis: a woman in a cleaning and dyeing establishment, a printer who prints cards with your

name on them, a newsdealer who sells candy bars and afternoon papers. The pedestrians who pass through are themselves different from others of the race, being equipped with "arcade gills," which allow air to enter the lungs through the imagination. Other pedestrians—those who get in there without knowing what they are getting into, often manage to make their way through, only to collapse a few moments later, in the Yale Club, the Roosevelt, or on the sidewalk of Forty-fifth Street.

AESTHETE that we are, we hate to see the way the machine age is taking hold of the sailing yacht and ruining its lines. A racing sloop nowadays looks less like a sea-gull than like a problem in geometry. With no gaff, a mast as tall as the Flatiron Building, and all her sail rigged inboard, the yacht goes stiffly forth, flaunting to the breeze

a set of hard triangulars held in place by wire halyards. Speed, when it has gaiety and freedom, often produces beauty of form—but only up to a certain point. When one gets into pure dynamics, something has to be sacrificed. We were looking the other day at a picture of the Shamrock V, temporarily rigged as a ketch so she could cross the ocean. For once she looked salty and good, with her sawed-off mast and her little jigger. She looked as though the sea, for once, was her lover, and as though she might be going somewhere.

FOR light summer reading we recommend the Sexennial Report of the Class of 1924, Harvard. It is a record of what has happened to the members of that class in the six years since they graduated—an account of their successes, their adventures, their matrimonial and business connections,

written by the graduates themselves. Here in a single volume are the crystallized dreams of yesteryear's undergraduates, translated into the language of life itself. "I am associated with Acker, Bacas & McGirl, auditors and accountants." "I am employed by the Stark Tool Company in the capacity of factory manager." "My work has been in connection with the sale of valves, fittings, and pipes." "I am handling the legal matters for the Anglo-Chilean Consolidated Nitrate Corporation." Many of the case histories are embellished with descriptions of the valves and of the nitrates, and many of them mention exploits in tennis tournaments, swimming meets, during free hours. One of the shortest of the items, which we came upon after a hundred and twenty-four pages of that sort of thing, and which was rather

refreshing for its brevity, was this: "Robert Tyre Jones, Jr. Occupation: Law. Associated with Jones, Evins, Powers & Jones."

Love

AMONG those who have bought a quarter of an hour of air for advertising over the radio is a Mr. Rubin, a Brooklyn marriage broker. Mr. Rubin opens his program with a little selling talk on the general idea of marriage and then retires in favor of an orchestra, which plays "Deep in the Arms of Love." Immediately following the conclusion of this, while the hearers are still under its emotional influence, Mr. Rubin's voice cuts in hurriedly. "You too," he declares, "can be deep in the arms of love. Just communicate with A. Rubin, 1556 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn."

Sensation

ELLSWORTH VINES, JR., who overnight, or at least within a week, came to be the most talked-about American tennis player, will not be nineteen until next month. No one else ever won such victories in the same space of time, six days. He beat Francis Hunter twice, Frank Shields twice, and R. Norris Williams once. That would be a good year's record for any near-champion player, let alone for a gawky boy just out of high school. Before he came here a few weeks ago Vines had never before played on a grass court. That didn't worry him. Nothing, in fact, seems to worry him. Even at match-point against a formidable opponent he is so cool that he plays apparently daringly rather than conservatively. "It's all a matter of practice," he says, when asked about his game. Whatever it is, he plays in such a way that, as Hunter said, "you can't tell in what direction a ball Vines hits is going."

Ellsworth began batting tennis balls around as soon as he was big enough to swing a racquet. His father, who owns a chain of meat markets in Pacific Coast towns, played, in a small way, and racquets and balls were always lying around his home in Pasadena. There young Vines plays three or four times a week, as he has for years. He began tournament play in high school as a freshman. He usually won. His only systematic training has been nine months under the coaching of Mercer Beasley, a professional, who also coached Clifford Sutter, national intercollegiate champion. "Mr. Beasley was a good teacher but very sarcastic," says the boy who in the past fortnight has been described by astonished critics as "master shotmaker," "brilliant stylist of the classical school," and so on.

Vines doesn't train much before a match but he always goes to bed early the night before. When he changes courts or moves back to serve he walks in a shambling sort of way, looking uninterested, almost sluggish. He frequently drops the first set, and often his opponents get a big lead on him. Most youngsters would be rattled by this, but Vines' response is a frown. In bad straits he seems to play his best and he is the opposite of sluggish then. He says he never has any particular plan of attack in mind when he begins a match, that each is different from the others. This is his first trip East. He lived obscurely in Brooklyn while playing in the Metropolitan Championships, which he won. Up to the conclusion of these matches he hadn't been to a theatre, or anywhere else much. The player he admires most is John Van Ryn. This fall he is going to enter the University of Southern California, where he will take a business course, looking toward preparing himself to write advertisements for his father's meat stores.

Lesson

IN the midst of a Staten Island ferryboat crossing the other afternoon, a sudden fog came down over the harbor. The boat slowed, foghorns whooed dismally to right and left, tugs loomed suddenly, alarmingly near, and vanished. Among the passengers who had gone along, apparently just for the ride, was a Negro lady with her young daughter. To her that fog meant disaster. She started at every blast of the whistle, groaned whenever a boat passed. As suddenly as it had come, the fog lifted, the sky was clear, the boat ploughed on, merrily. The anxious mamma heaved a sigh of gusty relief, then turned and, without any warning, fetched the child a forceful box on the ear. "Dar, you Emmaline!" she exclaimed sternly. "Ah'll learn you to go ridin' on ferryboats!"

Flags Flown

IT'S wonderful how many little problems a hotel has. Just the flagpole problem is something. If the Governor should drive up to the door, the flag of the State of New York must be hoisted. If a foreign ambassador appears, the flag of his country must be flung to the breeze. Even if the Mayor drops in, the flag of the city must be taken out of camphor. (This last is not quite true of the Ritz, which has a strict code ignoring mayors and consuls as too lowly.)

Most hotels, we've heard, keep about a dozen flags on hand, flags of the important nations. The old Waldorf had a complete set. It had ten flagpoles, and nine foreign flags were often to be seen flying at one time, plus the compulsory Stars and Stripes to nourish the national ego. If a tenth foreign dignitary arrived, he had to wait till there was a vacancy among the flagpoles.

The Ambassador, we notice, has two flagpoles—one for America and one for whatever foreigner turns up. If more than one foreign gentleman stops there, the problem is neatly and quickly settled by flying no flags at all. The French Ambassador usually stays at the Ritz Tower when he's in town; the Barclay always has a Dutch flag in readiness for the Netherlands Minister; and the Gotham has a Polish flag for Paderewski (they not only have to run the flag up but they have to send three grand pianos right up to his room). Hotels, as a matter of fact, can fly the American flag only when "weather permits," never in rain and never in a wind that might be high enough to tear the flag. Commercial flags, by a city ordinance, are not allowed in Fifth Avenue—must be flown from roofs, or in a side street. Some of the larger Wall Street counting-houses hang out flags to celebrate a lunch date between a vice-president and a visiting client. They are allowed to do that.

We recall that before the war the Biltmore used to put up a red-ball flag for the members of a skating club who used the Biltmore rink; and the hotel invariably got phone calls from people who wanted to know what Japanese envoy was registered there. (The Japanese flag contains a red ball, too.)

One warm September day, when the Japanese Ambassador actually was staying at the Biltmore and when the Japanese flag actually was flying, a young lady, skates dangling from a strap, presented herself at the hotel desk and shyly asked how to get to the rink.

Tickets for Thomas

YOU remember that we told you once how the Literary Guild sent a note to the U.S.S. Worden beginning "Mr. Wardroom Mess, Dear Mr. Mess." Well, we learn that the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation has that kind of trouble all the time. Almost daily people come into their headquarters, or telephone, asking for Mr. Jefferson—"must speak to him in person." They also get letters. Just on Tuesday they got one from Joe LeBlang's Public Service Ticket Office addressed "Thomas Jefferson, Dear Sir," telling him how to save fifty per cent, or exactly half, the box-office price of theatre tickets.

"You have gaiety, Mr. Humbold. I like that in you."

Wheels

JUST around the corner from Park Avenue in 104th Street is an old house, deserted by day, which at evening and night is completely surrounded by pushcarts. It is one of many similar places, scattered throughout the city, which make a business of renting pushcarts to peddlers. This particular pushcart agency—one of the largest—is operated by Mr. Jacob Pomonz, who was once a peddler himself. He now owns a fleet of about a hundred pushcarts which he rents out. His rates seem reasonable. They vary according to several factors, such as the weather, the state of the market, and so on. The fixed charge is twenty cents a day, but it is seldom that Mr. Pomonz collects the full amount. Thus, if it rains in the forenoon, a rebate is allowed for the time lost. If sales have been bad, there is another cut in the price. Often a man will go for days without paying anything at all, but Mr. Pomonz leaves all that to the peddler's conscience. He says he is rarely deceived.

Blue Note

A LOT of stories are told on George Gershwin's father and one of them is this: He was driving rather rapidly down Riverside Drive one day in his roadster, when a cop hailed him. He asked for the old gentleman's license, and examined it. "What's this name?" asked the cop, "Gersin? Gurson?" "Gershwin. Why, don't you know G'ge Gershwin? He's my son!" said the father. "Judge Gershwin?" echoed the cop. "Never heard of him. Where is he, uptown or downtown?" "I don't know. I think he's downtown now," said Papa Gershwin. "Well," said the cop, "I don't see how I can give a judge's father a ticket. On wid ya."

Poe-Kopp Cottage

MR. MARTIN KOPP, of 194th Street and the Grand Concourse, has one thing on the other mail-carriers in town. He lives in the Poe Cottage, with Mrs. Kopp, who is the caretaker. It's quite a social cachet to be able to ask your friends around to the old Edgar Allan Poe place of an evening. Orig-

"Is that all they do?"

• •

inally the poet's little house was in the Kingsbridge Road, four hundred feet south of where it now stands, but in 1913 the city acquired Poe Park and moved the cottage over into the middle of it. The place was then turned over to the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences, which in 1921 appointed Mrs. Kopp caretaker. She immediately began reading Poe, found it tough sledding in parts, and compromised by reading books about him. Now both she and her daughter Edna, who is twenty, are authorities on the life of Poe. Mrs. Kopp smooths out the great writer's life in some of its more tortured places when she shows people about the place. She always explains to school children that Poe never drank, but was intoxicated by his literary powers.

The Poe place is just as it was when he lived in it from 1846 to 1849—at a rental of a hundred dollars a year—except for a basement which was excavated when the city moved the cottage. The Kopps occupy the basement and the second floor. The first floor is all that visitors may see. It has a small room with a straw-mattress bed on which Mrs. Poe died, a living-room containing the very rocking-chair in which the poet wrote "Annabel Lee," and a kitchen, with the table set for breakfast. The Poes used only this first floor in winter because the upstairs bedrooms were too cold. They didn't have the gas furnace that the Kopps have—or the electric lights.

From thirty to forty thousand people visit the Poe cottage every year. Mrs. Kopp counts them. Saturdays and Sundays are the big days—sometimes a thousand sightseers drop in. People often come at night, after hours, knock loudly, and plead that they came all the way from California or Oregon and have to leave town early the next day. Mrs. Kopp sends them away. Now and then merrymakers try the door at night thinking the place is empty, knowing nothing of the hallowed tradition, intent on revelry. Once a drunk drove up in a large car at two in the morning, and banged at the door. Mrs. Kopp opened it. "Where's the bunch?" asked the drunk. It's all in a caretaker's year.

When Mrs. Kopp became caretaker the whole place was restored: layers of wallpaper and paint, put on by occupants after Poe, were removed, and the original white wallpaper and green woodwork brought to light. Exact drawings of the house and everything in it have been made, in case of fire. Except for the bed and the rocker, the furniture wasn't Poe's, but it's of the period. Mrs. Kopp always shows visitors Poe's Bible, a hideous terra-cotta raven, and a chunk of wood labelled: "Piece of old cherry tree under which Edgar Allan Poe sat while writing his immortal verse. Presented by Mrs. Frederick S. Cook, 15 Landscape Ave.,

Yonkers, New York." The one question asked more than any other by callers is: "Did the Poes get along well together?" Mrs. Kopp says yes, they did.

Justice in Naples

TO illustrate a point, a traveller returned from Europe told of an incident in Naples. He got out of a taxicab there and in doing so accidentally slammed the door too smartly, breaking the window glass. In Naples this was, of course, the occasion for a long harangue by the driver. He demanded five hundred lire for the damage, came down to three hundred, finally agreed to settle for two hundred. The American was about to pay this, having been pretty well worn out by the argument, when two policemen appeared. After making inquiry they told everybody to stay right where they were and hurried off, separately. In a short time one officer returned. He had been, he said, to a glazier's; the price for replacing a taxi window was only sixty lire. The driver groaned. The visitor began to assemble sixty lire. Before he had done so the second policeman reappeared. He had telephoned and found that the taxi was covered by insurance. There was nothing to pay. The police then shooed the driver off and wished the tourist good morning.

Stiltwalker

WHENEVER a new cafeteria opens in Broadway or a theatrical show isn't getting all the attention it wants, the advertising manager telephones Stillwell 3477 and asks for Mr. Glenn H. Phillips. Mr. Phillips is the man who walks around the Times Square district on stilts, advertising things. He has been stiltwalking ever since 1921, though until two years ago his activities were mostly confined to Harlem. Now he is generally in Brooklyn or Manhattan. He works for a single advertiser anywhere from one day to several weeks. Advertising a show for the Shuberts was his longest run—eight weeks. They were so pleased with the quality of his work that they were all for taking him to Chicago when the company went there, but the Chicago police refused to grant a permit on account of traffic. Mr. Phillips lives on Long Island and takes his stilts back and forth with him on the train. They weigh forty-two pounds and are six feet high. He mounts with the aid of a ladder, or, when in the Times Square section, from a fire escape next to the Gaiety Theatre. Advertisers give him *carte blanche* to go wherever he wants; if he's advertising a movie that has a wide appeal, he takes long walks up and down Broadway; if it's a restaurant, he sticks pretty well to the immediate vicinity.

Mr. Phillips wasn't always a stiltwalker. He used to be a human fly. One day a law was passed against this form of activity, so, inspired by his friend Fred Wilson (Wilson is the only other commercial stiltwalker in town) he took up stiltwalking. Now he works six days a week and gets twenty-five dollars a day. If it rains he's out of luck, unless he has a long contract. Then he gets paid anyway. Four hours at a time is all he can stand; you have to keep your leg muscles rigid and watch out for dogs, small boys, and drunks. Mr. Phillips deals with these with a long stick he carries. Also, he inspires respect by wearing a policeman's uniform. It's a real one, given to him by the Pittsburgh police force when he was advertising their field days. His hat is the latest Whalen style. The Police Department here gave it to him for helping them in their recent pay-raise campaign. His trousers are immense, so as to cover both legs and stilts. They cost twenty-five dollars. The stilts themselves cost thirty-five. Mr. Phillips wears two pairs of shoes, one pair on his feet, another at the bottom of the stilts. The latter are filled with shoemaker's lasts, the only thing that will stand the strain.

Mr. Phillips is married, has a son, and likes to play chess. Although he is one of the outstanding men on Broadway, he considers his present career tame compared with the old days when he doubled for pretty male stars in the movies at the more crucial moments. (He was the second person to swing from one moving plane to another.) The annual Macy Parade on Thanksgiving Day, from One Hundred and Tenth Street to Thirty-fourth, is his hardest engagement, but he likes the publicity. He takes a proper pride in his work and has "Daddy Long Legs" inscribed on his business cards. Just now he is considering a contract with the United Cigar Company. In his nine years of stiltwalking he has never fallen once, and he has never answered anyone who has asked him how the weather is up there.

The Speakeasies

A YOUNG couple, entertaining a prim and slightly absent-minded maiden aunt from Nebraska, were astonished and aghast the other night when, someone mentioning speakeasies, the dear old lady brightened and was suddenly all interest. "Oh! Speakeasies, yes. I've always wanted to see one. Do you suppose we could go to one while I'm on here? I understand," she continued, and allowed her hearers to relax, "they're so much better than the old silent movies."

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE 1930'S

Sunday in Town

MR. MONROE AND THE MOVING MEN

MR. MONROE had never really had any experience in moving household goods before he did it, singlehanded, on the eighth of August, 1930. The date will always be fixed in his mind that way, formally, formidably. It was rather an unusual time to move, but it couldn't be helped because on the ninth of August wreckers were going to start tearing down the house. Little Mrs. Monroe was away, unavoidably away, terrifyingly away. We have here, then, the makings of a character study—or would have except for the fact that Mr. Monroe didn't really have any character. He had a certain charm, yes; but not character. He evaded difficult situations; he had no talent for firm resolution; he immolated badly; and he wasn't even very good at renunciation, except when he was tired or a little sick. Not, you will see, the man to move household goods into storage when his wife is away.

THE packers and movers were to come at two o'clock. Mrs. Monroe could have told her husband that they wouldn't arrive until four-thirty; or he would have known it himself if always before, when they moved, he had not sneaked away from the house. Always before, Mr. Monroe had been just as surprised to find himself in a new place as a mother dog is when she is lifted out from among the shoes in the clothes closet, where she has decided to have her puppies, and put into a lovely airy box with a pink coverlet.

Before she went away, little Mrs. Monroe had led her husband from room to room, pointing out what was to go into storage and what was to be sent to the summer place at Bedford Hills. It was all quite simple, she told him. Apparently John Monroe hadn't been listening, however, for now, as he walked restlessly from room to room, picking up vases and putting them down again, he found he wasn't sure about anything. He wasn't sure about the china and glassware, for one thing. He stood and stared at them, trying to remember what it was his wife had said. All that he could recall was that she had spoken in the slow, precise way in which she always spoke to him in a crisis, as if he were a little deaf or feeble-minded. He decided, finally, that the glassware and china went into storage. Then he decided that they didn't. He tried to remember whether they already had plates and glasses at the summer place and realized, of course, that they must have. They ate there; they lived there. But he also realized that the ways of women are beyond the simple understanding of the masculine mind, and that the fact that a wife already has one set of dishes and glasses is no reason she can't—nay, mustn't, maybe—have another set. Mr. Monroe sighed, and went in and turned on the bath water; then he turned it off again, for there were no towels. By this time it was getting on toward three o'clock. He took to wandering aimlessly around, wondering if he should wrap something up, or what.

AFTER a time he came to a halt in front of a large chair—a large, flowered chair, he would have described it to his wife over the phone—which, in her tour around the place with him, little Mrs. Monroe, he felt positive, had said something very definite about. He wondered what it had been. It now occurred to him, after deep thought, that his wife must have spoken only about the things which were to be saved out of storage—it would have been silly for her to point out the things that were to go to the warehouse, because nine-tenths of the things were to go to the warehouse. Obviously, then, reasoned Mr. Monroe—and he was a bit proud of his brilliance in this matter—obviously she had pointed out only the things that were to be kept out. Now if he could only remember which things she had pointed out, he would be safe. He decided to move away from the flowered chair, to let it go, for the longer he looked at it the stronger became his conviction that he had never seen it before in his life. This took him back to the chinaware and glasses. She must have said: "And this, John. Remember—all this goes to the summer place." Certainly. Or maybe she had said: "And watch them when they pack this for storage, John; don't let them break anything." Hmm. Mr. Monroe lighted a cigarette and sat down. It was now almost four o'clock. Suppose the moving men didn't come? Well, if they didn't, the wreckers would tear the place down next day, with the furniture in it. Maybe he could prevail on the wreckers, for some enormous sum, to pack and move the stuff out, before they started wrecking. Of course wreckers wouldn't want to do that, but he saw himself dominating them, when they demurred. "See here, my men," he heard himself saying, coldly, "*I'm* in charge here—get that!" He loved himself in that rôle, and was often in it, in his day dreams, which, on this occasion, were abruptly interrupted by the arrival of the packers and movers.

THEY set to work so fast that three tables and a bed were down the stairs and onto the sidewalk before Mr. Monroe could say anything. Well, he was pretty sure about the great big pieces of furniture, anyway—they must go to storage. Great big pieces of furniture were always stored—that's why storage warehouses were so big. Mr. Monroe began to feel that he was getting a grip on the situation. "What about the china, chief?" one of the men asked him. Mr. Monroe hesitated. "Pack it and let it stand a while," he said, at last. "I want to think about it." From downstairs later he could hear the voices of the men, huge, sweating, rough fellows, joking about him: "This guy wants to think it over—ja get that, Joe?" Mr. Monroe's indecision and evident nervousness began to show up in the movers' attitude toward him. The "chief" and "mister" with which they had first addressed him changed to "buddy" and "pardner" and finally, as Mr. Monroe strove desperately for an air of dignity and authority, to "sonny."

In the end, most of the decisions were made by the men themselves. Joe stood with one of his hairy paws on a small writing desk. "How about this, scout?" he asked. It was a favorite piece of Mrs. Monroe's; John couldn't remember whether she had said anything about it; "O. K.," said Joe, and he moved it out. John hadn't said anything. So it went. Meanwhile two packers had got the chinaware and glasses into two barrels. "What about it, buddy?" they finally asked the head of the house. "Well, here's the way it is," he began. "You see, it's quite a problem. I—" "Better store it, sonny," said one of the men. "You don't need all this china." "Does it look like summer china to you?" asked Mr. Monroe, rather meekly. "Naw, dat's winter china," said a man named Mike. "Take it away, Bill." Bill took it away, out to the storage van. Mr.

Monroe was now certain that his wife had wanted it saved out for the summer house. "Oh God, God," he said to himself, walking around and smoking rapidly.

BY the time the movers reached the kitchen utensils, and called them to Mr. Monroe's attention, he was becoming overwhelmed by the idiotic conviction that he was in the wrong house. What the hell were kitchen utensils doing here? They were up at the summer place, weren't they? It was only after an agonizing few moments that he realized they had rented the summer house furnished. The men, tired of waiting for directions, picked the kitchenware up and carted it out to the van. "O. K.," murmured Mr. Monroe.

At length, there was nothing left but a few odds and ends, one of which was a large tin receptacle marked "Flour." "Can't store this, buddy," one of the men said, showing the head of the house that the can was two-thirds full of flour, with a spoon in it. Mr. Monroe took the can and, when none of the men was looking, shoved the thing into a closet, shut the door, and sighed. "Everything out of dat closet?" asked Joe, appearing from somewhere. "O.K.," said Mr. Monroe. "O. K.," said Joe. The men went away as quickly as they had come.

MR. MONROE sank into a chair, one of the three or four objects he had saved out for the summer house. He slowly began to convince himself that all of his decisions—or the men's, anyway—had been right. After all, they were men experienced in moving. He began to feel pretty good about the whole thing; it was over and done with, thank God. Just then, into the edge of his consciousness, stalked a tall, thin thought. Mrs. Monroe had told him what to do about getting the stuff to the summer house: a certain transfer man, who delivered out of town, was to call; John had been given his name and address, and his phone number. Mr. Monroe crushed a cigarette in his hand. Then he cried aloud. He couldn't remember the man's name. He couldn't remember anything.

—JAMES THURBER

MR. STOUT'S NAP

[A GREEK TRAGEDY]

AS the play opens, a stoutish man is discovered making plans to take a nap on the beach. He picks a spot, arranges the sand to his liking, lies down, and tries to cover his face with a newspaper so that the sun will be kept out. Then follows a bit of allegorical byplay in which the sun, resentful at this repulsion of its advances, instigates a shore breeze to come along and puckishly blow the newspaper from the gentleman's face.

The latter gets up and goes in search of four stones or rocks with which to weight the newspaper and thwart Old Sol. In searching for four likely stones he absent-mindedly steps on a tin shovel belonging to a little boy. The little boy resents this and complains to his mother, a beldame of forty summers. She gives the stout man a piece of her mind and he retreats, limping, to his lair. He is defeated by Life.

THE stoutish man once more composes himself for sleep. But a little boy named Wannop is playing on the beach with his dog, Towser. Little Wannop throws stones and the dog, Buster, retrieves them. Wannop throws one stone which the dog, Rex, is unable to find. Anxious not to disappoint the little master, Fido seizes one of the four stones which weight Mr. Stout's newspaper and scampers off to place it at his master's feet. The newspaper blows off Mr. Stout's face with more than a modicum of crackling and rattling, and he is again awake. He gets another stone, and again has it in mind to take a little nap.

Two young fellows are, however, romping up and down the beach with shouts of laughter and glee. They are doing this because they are wearing new Form-Fit, one-piece, backless bathing suits which display their muscular development to best advantage and they want to give the girls on the beach a Treat. One of the young men catches the other near the spot where Mr. Stout is dozing and they wrestle in the sand. The sun beams jovially on their rippling muscles as they intersperse their horseplay with coy glances from the corner of the eye to see if any cuties of the opposite sex are watching.

As they squirm and thump about in the sand, the latter spurts up in great, playful jets, most of which fall on Mr. Stout. He awakes. He senses the situation and would like to give the two Apollos a couple of boots where it would do him the most and them the least good. But he is out of condition. He is flabby. They are in the flush of youth. Either of them could lick him. Again, Mr. Stout is defeated by Life. And again he tries to doze.

TWO men come along. They are great readers of newspapers, as it happens, and on the front page of the newspaper covering Mr. Stout's face they note a headline which announces that one more Anti-Saloon League chief has admitted that Prohibition is a failure. They stop, read the article, and get to arguing about Prohibition.

"It has made us a nation of lawbreakers," says the first man.

"It can never be enforced."

"It has made this nation the laughing stock of Europe."

Mr. Stout, who has been awake for some time, lurking quietly beneath the article on Prohibition, now decides to join the argument. He emerges from beneath the newspaper.

"More people drink now than did before Prohibition," he says. "Would you gentlemen take this paper, with my compliments, and go to Mesopotamia and read it there at your leisure, in some mountain fastness?"

The two men blush like children caught by their mother in the jam closet. They scurry off.

Mr. Stout arranges the paper so that only the want ads will show, and lies down.

AT this point a lovely blonde girl comes along and settles herself near Mr. Stout. She arranges her hair, powders her nose, fixes her bathing cap, puts some lip rouge on her lips, arranges her hair again, gets up and turns around two or three times like a puppy about to take a snooze, sits down, looks around the beach, takes a slipper off

and shakes out the sand, and arranges her hair again.

Now this is where Sex comes in. Well, it *has* come in; it came in when the girl came in. From a distance, a beach lizard, with eagle eye, has spotted her. He rushes to the locker-room, examines himself in the mirror, and combs his hair. He comes out and sits near the blonde, who is trying to light a cigarette, wind to the contrary notwithstanding.

"May I light your cigarette for you?" asks Adonis.

"O-oh, thank you."

"Quite a breeze."

SHE: Yes, isn't it.

HE: Say, you ought to move out of this sun. You know, blonde people don't tan, they burn.

SHE: Oh, quit your kidding.

HE: I wouldn't kid a pretty girl like you.

SHE: How many girls have you said that to this year?

HE: Plenty, but I never meant it till now.

SHE: You know all the answers, don't you?

HE: I know you're the answer to my prayer.

SHE: Say, aren't you the freshie? You hardly know me.

HE: I got eyes.

SHE: All God's chillun got eyes.

HE: Want to know something?

SHE: Nope. I know something already.

HE: Oh, be yourself.

SHE: Oke. What do I want to know, then?

HE: You got the swellest shape on the beach.

SHE: No, you have.

"Want to come, Mrs. Appleby? We're going out to dump the garbage."

• •

This goes on for some time. At length he expresses a wish to cover her with sand. She doesn't want to be covered with sand or pretends she doesn't, to keep him on the anxious seat. He insists on covering her with sand. She resists, laughingly and with girlish modesty. He seizes her ankle. She slaps his wrist.

HE: Oh, you brute. I mean, you brutess!

They have a good laugh at this and he takes both her hands. The ice is broken. Life has not defeated *these* two healthy, splendid young animals!

But Mr. Stout has been awakened from his doze by the billing and cooing that has been going on and he addresses several remarks to the newspaper, quite unjustly, for the newspaper has done nothing except act as a passive instrument of the Norns. He flings the paper far from him just as the liz-

ard is saying to the blonde: "Say, we're old friends and I don't even know your name."

SHE: My name is Fiametta.

MR. STOUT: Good God! That name! Missie, tell me, what is your last name?

SHE: Stout. Fiametta Stout.

MR. STOUT: Have you a mole just about the femur?

SHE: Why, how did you know that?

MR. STOUT: My daughter! My beloved daughter!

It turns out that the Stout family was in the Johnstown Flood together and Fiametta was washed away from the rest. She was washed down the river clean to Memphis and lost track of her family. Now the lizard speaks:

LIZARD: That's funny. My name is Stout, too.

MR. STOUT: Don't tell me your name is Charles Waldron Stout and that you have a scar from a burn just above your tibia.

C. W. STOUT: I certainly have.

MR. STOUT: Ah, happy day for me! I don't care now whether I take a nap or not. You, my son, are my long-lost son. You were washed away in the Galveston Flood. I was always getting my family in hot water. My daughter, he is your half-brother.

IT ends on that note. The writer thought it would be rather spicy to put in that half-brother business, at the end. It makes it so Greek.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

"If I were you, I'd make him respect my mind."

THE FLAG IS PASSING BY!

I FOUND myself in the vicinity of the Grand Central Terminal half an hour before train-time, so I wandered down Lexington Avenue and looked in the shop windows.

I was reading the bookjackets in a drugstore window when I suddenly became aware that little handfuls of people were gathering along the curb and staring down the avenue.

It wasn't until a minute later that I heard faintly the roll of drums. I stayed where I was until I could hear the rhythmic pelt of marching feet, then I moved into the cool shadow of an awning and looked over the heads of the crowd.

A regiment of soldiers was strung down the avenue in a long file. The head of the column turned west at Forty-second and went toward the Terminal entrance. The crowd increased until the four corners were clumped five or six rows deep.

I DIDN'T know that the flag was passing until I saw the man next me doff his hat. I was fascinated by the fervor of the crowd. All of the men removed their hats: some took them off and held them firmly across their hearts; others—mostly, I noticed, the men wearing felt hats—touched the brims perfunctorily, as a conductor salutes the church his trolley passes a dozen times a day.

I felt a sudden heavy tap on my shoulder. I wheeled abruptly and stared at the man next me. He was shorter than I, but stocky, and as

I turned he let his hand fall to his side.

"How's for taking off your hat?" he said.

His eyes glared into mine. Neither of us looked away.

"How's for minding your own business?" I said.

The eyes narrowed. "It is my business! And if it isn't, maybe I'll make it! The trouble with you young guys is you didn't have to fight for your country. If you'd 'a gone through what I have, maybe you'd have more respect for the flag."

He was just a little too big for me to lose my temper. I tried to sound casual.

"I didn't take my hat off," I said, "because I didn't think of it until it was too late. And the next time keep your hands to yourself!"

"Oh! Is that so? Well, I'm just telling you, see!"

We turned away with mutually affected indifference and watched the men in khaki. A half-block away I could see another flag-bearer approaching with the Stars and Stripes.

I RESENTED the trap in which I found myself. When the second banner passed and the hats were raised, I arranged that I should be lighting my pipe. It took a good moment. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my neighbor's straw hat sweep to his breast. I wasn't quite sure what I was going to do. I waited for him to make the next move.

He put his hat on and hit the crown with a determined slap. I could feel him looking at me.

"Listen, fella!" he said. "Maybe it *isn't* any of my business, but I can't stand here and let you get away with that!"

"Well?"

He laughed and looked a little embarrassed. "What's the idea anyway? You certainly don't look like a Red or anything."

He paused. I couldn't think of the bright thing to say so I kept quiet. I looked at him and waited.

"There's no percentage in me taking a poke at you," he said. "I poke you and you poke me." He made an effort to grin. "Why can't you be regular?"

"There's nothing wrong with me, buddy," I said. "You should have kept your hands to yourself, that's all."

The smile left his face. "Say! You're not getting tough, are you?"

"Nobody's getting tough," I said. "I'm just telling you. I was all set to raise my hat, but thinking it over I decided I didn't like the way you told me off."

"Well, maybe I shouldn't have shot my mouth off so quick."

"That's the idea. Suppose somebody had pulled that on you?"

He grinned widely. "Never thought of that," he said. "I'd have sloughed them! That's what you had a right to do to me!"

It wasn't any effort to return the grin. "You're too big to slough," I said.

He looked very pleased. "Oh, I don't know. You're no shrimp yourself!" He glanced around and stepped back into the comparative gloom of the shop entrance. "How about a shot of rye?" he said. "Just to show there's no hard feelings."

"Great!" I stepped into the doorway. He pulled a flask from his pocket and offered it to me. "Go ahead," I said.

"No! After you."

I TASTED the lukewarm whiskey, nodded appreciatively, and handed him the flask.

He took a gulp and put it back in his pocket; then he studied me for a moment. "I'll tell you," he said finally. "I'm selling that rye for four bucks a pint. Scotch the same. Gin's two-fifty a quart." He felt in his breast pocket and handed me a card. "If you ever want real good liquor, keep me in mind, will you?"

I looked at the card. His name was Frank Natale. There was an address in the Forties, and a phone number.

"Why, thanks, Natale," I said. "I'll certainly do that."

I looked up. He was gazing out across the street. The crowd was thinning and the drums had stopped beating. An occasional glimpse of khaki and the shuffle of feet slowed to half-time were the only indications that the procession was still on its way. Except, I suddenly realized, for the flag that was just coming abreast of us. I swept my hat from my head an instant before Frank Natale's straw was clutched to his chest. He looked at me sideways and grinned approvingly.

—T. H. WENNING

•

JUNGLE

I had suspected
Long ago
That it was so.
And *now* I know!

From some remote
Primordial tree
I snapped at you—
You snarled at me!

—MILDRED WESTON

BERLIN

SONNET

Sonnets are popular because they fill
  The empty spaces in a magazine.
Compact and frictionless as any pill,
  They can be swallowed almost without spleen.
No editor is ever criticized
  For printing sonnets. Everybody knows
That centuries ago they were devised
  By precepts it were foolish to oppose.
Poets adore the form that can exalt
  Their thinnest, hollowest, most bland conceit
Into the highly polished verbal vault
  Of fourteen lines and calm iambic feet.
As for the couplet—Shakespeare can be proud
  Of sewing them in such a perfect shroud!

—M. MANNES

• •

OF ALL THINGS

WE are happy to see this spirit of team-play between the President and the ex-President. H. H. announces a policy and C. C. tells him what it means.

•

After the politicians had got the farmer nicely saved, wheat slumped to a new low. Sometimes we get so discouraged we wish Einstein would come over and abolish the great open spaces.

•

Al Smith is returning to active politics and is expected to make a speech for the Governor at the Convention. If a Smith nominates a Roosevelt, that is obviously news.

•

The President has appointed a commission to deplore unemployment, thus reducing the evil by at least twenty.

•

The Ham Fish investigating committee has at last turned up one damaging fact. Soviet documents refer to our beautiful country as "S.A.S. Sh."

•

An East Side druggist accused of being a hotbed of Communism turned out to be a good Tammany man. In such cases there is nothing for the police force to do but light a Murad.

•

Bennett, the new Premier, says that Canada's tariff policy will not be aimed at the United States. The only way we can possibly get shot is to try to sell them something.

•

We now come out in favor of a five-year Davis Cup holiday. The French players should have a chance to grow old gracefully.

•

Sam Shields swam around Manhattan in eight hours and a half. Probably he hadn't heard that Mulrooney's new light system has made it possible to cross the Island on foot.

•

Our idea of a big summer-day's work was the christening of little Maria Elettra Elena Anna Marconi.

•

The tenth big annual solution of the world's tough problems is now open for business. All will be set right at Williamstown.

•

We have been looking into this matter of white-collar apartments. The main trouble is that none of them will hold more than half a dozen.

•

Probably it was all right to choose Senator Fess to succeed Claudius Huston. But it spoiled August 7 for us.

•

Commissioner Woodcock announces that his agents will obey the law and safeguard the personal rights of citizens. This is the famous New Enforcement Policy, lovingly known as "NEP." —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"My youngest is a terror. We can't do a thing with 'im."

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

THE TRAGIC END OF A MODERNIST PAINTER WHO WENT MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING

PROFILES

COURTESY OF COCA-COLA

Graham McNamee

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago, when automobiles were still a luxury, salesmen for the Armour packing company in St. Paul, Minnesota, travelled around the country in a leisurely way by means of horse and buggy. One young man thus employed managed to wreck eleven buggies in twelve months. He was fired. "I guess I placed too much responsibility on the horse," Graham McNamee says today, when this period of his life comes up in conversation.

It doesn't come up very often, because few people know about the modest part which America's best-known radio announcer played in the industrial life of the nation in his younger days. Graham McNamee was born in Washington, D. C., on July 10, 1889, but at the age of two moved to St. Paul along with his family. As a child he showed a great interest in music, especially in his own singing. His mother, who was an excellent soprano, encouraged him, and while he was still in his teens he endeared himself to local circles by singing on all suitable occasions. No church affair was complete without him, and he still retains a rather pious air that may be the result of so much ecclesiastical singing. Singing, however, wasn't very profitable. McNamee's first regular job was with the Great Northern Railroad, as freight rate-clerk, but it didn't last long. The reasons behind the Great Northern-Graham McNamee rift are shrouded in obscurity; probably he sang too many hymns while figuring out the rates. The horse-and-buggy episodes which followed completed his disgust with the business world, and he decided to go in for music in a big way. He came to New York and studied seriously, becoming a capable pianist as well as a baritone. He made a fairly successful début at a recital in the late Aeolian Hall, but baritone singing was an overcrowded profession, and McNamee's manager had a hard time booking concerts for him. No one had ever heard of him. Today a lot of people who wouldn't risk a small fee on him then hire him for concerts at an honorarium fifty times as large, and tell him they have always been interested in his singing. He doesn't care what they tell him as long as they come across with the honorarium.

For a few years McNamee did concert work, living pretty much from hand to mouth. Summers were especially dead, with practically nothing doing in the way of music. April, 1923, found him doing jury duty in lower New York. He was the most cheerful man on the jury; he hadn't made three dollars for a day's work in several weeks. During a recess period in the last day of his service he happened to walk by the A. T. & T. Building at 195 Broadway. Out of curiosity he stopped in to see the radio station there, liked it, and asked for a job. He got a job. He was officially called an announcer; what he actually did was to act as handy-man around the studio, pushing bashful or inexperienced performers within range of the microphone, opening the piano lid, and things like that. Occasionally he would fill in with baritone solos on stormy evenings, when the gentlemen scheduled to appear preferred to stay at home. His weekly pay for these services was fifty dollars, or, according to authorities on the rewards of broadcasting, about one-fortieth of what he gets now. McNamee had intended this job to be a stop-gap between concert seasons, but when October 1 came around he and Station WEAF were too attached to each other for him to go. He began to do less and less piano-opening and more and more announcing. The fight between Harry Greb and Johnny Wilson for the middleweight championship was his first important assignment. Although McNamee had done some boxing in his youth, he knew little about the technical jargon of the sport. Nevertheless, he reported the affair with the most intense enthusiasm. A few weeks later he took over the World Series in the second game, the sportswriter who was doing it having mumbled too much. McNamee didn't mumble. So far he has done thirty-eight World Series games. He has broadcast almost every known sport except polo and hockey.

HIS first few months of announcing established him locally, but it was his reporting of the Democratic National Convention in the old Madison Square Garden in 1924 that started his national reputation. This was quite an assignment: delegates could sneak out now and then for rest and refreshment, but the radio announcer had to stay in his booth and "fill the air" when there wasn't anything to say except that Alabama was casting twenty-four votes for Oscar W. Underwood. McNamee, however, found other things to say. He always finds other things to say; next to his enthusiasm, the chief factor in his success is that he never confines himself to his subject. Consequently, if his subject peters out from time to time, as at the Democratic Convention, it doesn't bother him much. He has a natural sense of new values, preferring colorful incident to unimportant fact. In reporting a ball game, for example, he will talk about a fight in the grandstand or someone throwing a pop bottle at the umpire rather than announce an insignificant ball or strike. Experts consider this pretty frivolous, but most people like it. McNamee tells the average man what he himself would notice, makes him feel he's there.

Opinions vary as to how sincere McNamee's excitement at sporting events really is, but his colleagues in the studio have little doubt. He gets into such a state of frenzy that the National Broadcasting Company people don't allow him to attend to the mechanical details —throwing switches, operating levers, etc.—usually delegated to the announcer. Someone else does it for him; he would probably fuss with the wrong gadget and take the program off the air entirely. On "remote control" jobs —events reported at the ringside or the ball park—there are no switches to throw and this danger is eliminated, but he still has a hard enough time keeping from getting his reporting completely balled up. Names bother him. Once, in tracing the course of a pugilistic encounter between one Lynch and his opponent, Goldstein, he startled listeners all over the country by introducing a mysterious and otherwise unidentified "Bernstein" into the mêlée. For some time Bernstein and Goldstein alternated in battering the unfortunate but durable Lynch. Then Bernstein vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. The frantic signalling of Mc-

Namee's confrères had brought him to his senses. Once, at a baseball game, he confused the plays and players to such an extent that Ring Lardner was prompted to observe that there had been a doubleheader yesterday—the game that was played and the one that McNamee announced. This sort of thing was more common a few years ago than today, but he still gets excited. It's good business, and he knows it. Whenever he feels that there's any danger of his becoming phlegmatic before an announcement, he comes into the studio at the last minute, on the run. This gives him a sort of breathless eagerness that the public loves. Between announcements, he lopes around the studio, restlessly. He generally smiles while speaking, presumably on the theory that a friendly countenance is reflected in the voice.

THE minute his program is finished, McNamee calls up his wife and asks her how it sounded. They have five radios in their apartment and whenever her husband is covering a baseball game Mrs. McNamee tunes him in on one set, and any other announcers on the other sets. She then skips about from one to another, making comparisons so that she can tell Graham how they handled the situation. For the first two years that he was announcing, they couldn't afford a radio, and Mrs. McNamee would listen to him with crowds in front of radio stores in the street. When he came home, she would tell him what the crowd's reactions were. They were generally pretty favorable.

The McNamee apartment is a penthouse at Broadway and 106th Street: you can see both rivers from it. Sunsets on the Hudson are McNamee's special delight: he not only rhapsodizes about them over the radio but he enjoys them also in a purely amateur way. Most of his public enthusiasms, incidentally, are carried over into his private life: he goes to prizefights and baseball games just for the fun of it. People who meet him think he looks more like a minister or a country schoolteacher than a sports enthusiast; he is clean-shaven, wears tortoise-shell glasses, and invariably dresses soberly, in grays or dark blues. His voice is pitched low; in conversation he is rather hesitant and gives the impression of being shy. Public attention, however, rather pleases him.

He gets a tremendous amount of fan mail and has a special staff to throw it away. After one World Series he is said to have received fifty thousand letters. People send him all kinds of presents: three hundred pounds of oysters at a time, fifty pounds of grapes, plum puddings, eggs, alarm clocks, dishes, flowers, barometers, apples, hatracks, shaving mugs embellished with his name, live turkeys. Every week for

"Oh look, there's Donald again! Isn't he the most devoted thing?"

the last five years he's had a letter from a woman called Ida. She calls him "Dear Lover Man" and tells him all about the crops, sunsets, hens, and cows on her farm in Minnesota, near where he used to live as a boy. His description of a sunset, over the radio, started her off.

THE radio programs on which McNamee now appears are the Atwater Kent concerts on Sundays, the Coca-Cola Hour on Wednesdays, and the Fleischmann Hour on Thursdays. Tuesdays and Fridays he devotes to the talkies: he is the "voice" of the Universal Newsreel. He prepares for this by getting the facts and by seeing the film three times. He then works up appropriate descriptive and explanatory remarks which are recorded to synchronize with the film. The timing is the hardest thing about this. When the film shots aren't too exciting, McNamee usually comes out with some slightly satiric remark.

He still keeps up with his music, sandwiching concerts into his radio work. He makes about a hundred personal appearances at theatres and churches every year, singing his favorite songs and giving short, rather boring talks about his work. He met his wife when he went to sing in a church in Bronxville.

HE and Mrs. McNamee go to concerts and to the opera now and then, when he has a free evening. His hobbies are conventional, but quite strong: golf and motoring. Summers he and his wife drive around in New England or Canada, always ending up at a place they have in the Adirondacks, on a lake near Utica. The lake is full of fish but McNamee refuses to go fishing.

His favorite food is crackers and milk. Mrs. McNamee sees to it that he gets this every night before he goes to bed, which is often very late, as he likes to stay up playing with the radio.

Mrs. McNamee is largely responsible for his sartorial soberness; she buys everything except his suits, and goes along with him when he selects these.

"And you, Lily—tell me, are you happy?"

He likes dressing up, and wears a tail coat on all possible occasions. In spite of this meticulousness about clothes, he is in many ways very sloppy. His desk is invariably in a state of fearful confusion and one of Mrs. McNamee's daily duties is to extract pencils from his suits. He picks up a pocketful every day.

McNAMEE's habitual walk, a dog trot, is typical. He is always in a hurry, nervous, easily excited, quickly exhausted. After covering a football game he becomes listless and can hardly speak. The thing which sports experts most deplore in him—his lack of technical knowledge of the events which he covers—is the quality that is fundamentally responsible for his success: it enables him to notice everything that is going on, not just the game itself. McNamee shares the great American trait of being extremely enthusiastic about something one doesn't know much about. One of his most successful announcements was the broadcasting of a basketball game in upper New York State. He didn't know anything about basketball but he bought a rule book, reported the game in a condition of near-hysteria, and was invited to come again. It's more than coincidence that he has never announced a hockey game, the only popular sport which he thoroughly understands.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

ARCHITECTURAL

I'd feel much better about
the Grand Central Bldg.
If only the architect
had left off the gldg.

LITERARY

Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pance.

ON ICE-BREAKING

Candy
Is dandy
But liquor
Is quicker.

POLITICAL

I for one
Think the country would be better run,
If Mary Ware Dennett
Explained things to the Senate.

—OGDEN NASH

DARKEST AFRICA

IT was very hot, and the Park had that crisp, brown look so popular in tropic mesas. My nephew's manner as he walked beside me was pleasant but detached and I hesitated to intrude on his spiritual solitude.

"Do you always carry an ice-hockey stick?" I asked timidly at last. "Is it a sort of habit?"

"It's a gun," he said. "You have to have a gun. There're some rhinoceroses over there now. Bang! I killed them."

"There's a lion," I murmured, anxious to be helpful, but he was already charging a clump of dusty forsythia bushes planted by somebody with ideas about landscape gardening.

"Two more rhinos," he said, coming back a little breathless. "I just skinned them. It only took a minute." I noticed at once that he was carrying the skins over his shoulder. "You have to skin them right away," he explained, "because of the hyenas. Would you like us to be Mr. and Mrs. Johnson on a hunting expedition in Darkest Africa?"

"A *short* hunting expedition," I amended weakly. "We have to get back to camp because our—uh—bearers are going to give us tea."

He looked thoughtful for a moment.

"All right," he said, his face clearing. "The other people can be visiting Negro chiefs, can't they?"

"Yes," I said, feeling a little confused. "Yes, Mr. Johnson."

"I'm not *Mr.* Johnson," he said with severity. "Mr. Johnson makes movies. I'll be Mrs. Johnson and do the shooting. Look out!" he shouted in such abrupt excitement that I jumped. "Here comes a whole herd of elephants. You'd better start taking pictures."

OBEDIENTLY I began to turn a crank, and the exercise, though mild, was warming.

"The camera goes *brrrr*," he said in an undertone. I went *brrrr* conscientiously, like a coffee-grinder, and a rather seedy gentleman who had been sleeping unnoticed under the morning paper woke and peered out at me with considerable interest.

"*Brrrr*," I said, "I'm getting some wonderful pictures, Mrs. Johnson."

"They're charging!" he shrieked. "Here comes a big one. Bang! I killed it. Bang! Bang! Bang!"

There were hundreds and hundreds of elephants and he killed all of them. My arm and the roof of my mouth felt tired and I began to find elephants a little boring.

"You mustn't stop taking pictures," he panted accusingly.

"I had to stop," I said. "There's a perfectly enormous lion ready to spring at me. Shoot it, Mrs. Johnson!" My tone was suitably terrified and the gentleman with the newspaper suddenly got up and walked away, looking back dazedly over his shoulder.

"Bang! It's dead." The careless patronage of Mrs. Johnson's tone was strangely irritating.

"It's not dead at all," I said. "Bang! I killed it myself."

He stood still, looking a little feverish, but eyeing me in icy disapproval.

"You can't kill it," he said. "You haven't a gun."

"I had a pistol in my belt," I said with easy resourcefulness. "Lions," I added, "are much more difficult to kill than elephants."

He stared at me grimly for a moment, then gave a sudden yell.

"The elephants aren't dead either," he shouted. "They're only wounded

"Hungry? Why, you just had a Baby Ruth and a Love Nest!"

• •

and they're coming after you. You'd better climb a tree."

None of the trees seemed suitable for climbing purposes, so I stood on a park bench and the occupants of a passing car slowed down to gaze at me with innocent curiosity.

"*Brrrr,*" I said, cranking nervously. "Why don't you shoot, Mrs. Johnson?"

"I can't," he said coldly, impatient with my dullness. "I have to load my gun."

WE didn't stop to finish off the elephants because he seemed to be growing rather purple and I began to wonder uneasily whether he was likely to get sunstroke. He was a little morose on the way back and took practically no interest in a fine Bengal tiger I located for him behind an ornamental rockery. They were having tea when we went into the house and they looked exasperatingly cool and restful.

"I *saw* you in the Park as I drove by," the lady in blue said archly. "What nice game were you playing? It looked such fun."

I felt warmer than I had in the Park, but he was already drifting inconspicuously toward the door with most of the remaining tomato sandwiches, and glanced at her with bland distaste. As a visiting Negro chief she was far from giving satisfaction.

"We weren't playing anything," he said, and melted into the hallway. The lady in blue enveloped me in a vast, benevolent smile.

"I can see that you're quite wonderful with little people," she said.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

"Oh, Herbert, here is a perfectly beautiful Irish wolfhound for sale."

ANSWERS-TO-HARD-QUESTIONS DEPARTMENT

MICE, BEETLES, POESY

ST. BEAUPRÉ-SUR-SEINE,
JULY, 1930

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

FROM time to time in the past I have been puzzled by verses appearing in your magazine. Clearly, it seemed to me, they must mean something or they wouldn't have gotten printed. Just as clearly, however, they didn't mean anything to me. Not only that, but they rather frightened me. In his "Outline of History" Mr. Wells writes of the first days of the world when cockroaches as big as eagles flew about in the steam, over the mud. That seems a very fair and restrained description of the mental state to which your verses have brought me. A twilight of terror and uncertainty. I have fought against this, gentlemen, and until a couple of weeks ago it seemed that I was holding my own. Then I came upon the following item, called "Song for a Late Hour" and written by a Mr. Raymond Holden:

From the cupboard the mouse,
From the cranny the beetle
Cry aloud through the house
The name of my ways,
And the troubled house says,
God help the poor man!

And I at my table
With my face in my fingers
Hear what I am able.
And that is not mice
Nor roaches nor wood-lice,
But the breath of a man.

Who am I to have coins
For traps and for poison;
I, in whose loins
Is the fire of all creatures;
I, in whose features
Is the shape of the mind?

The motto of my family is "Tenax Propositi," which in English of course means "Tenacious of Purpose." Obedient to this precept, I read Mr. Holden's verse four times, without, I regret to say, getting beyond the obvious conclusion that it was about a man and a mouse and some bugs. For the sake of my reason, therefore, I am bringing the whole matter to your attention. I don't ask you to tell me what Mr. Holden is getting at. I'd simply like to have you go over the thing with me, as patiently and kindly as you can.

DISREGARDING for the moment any deeper significance, let

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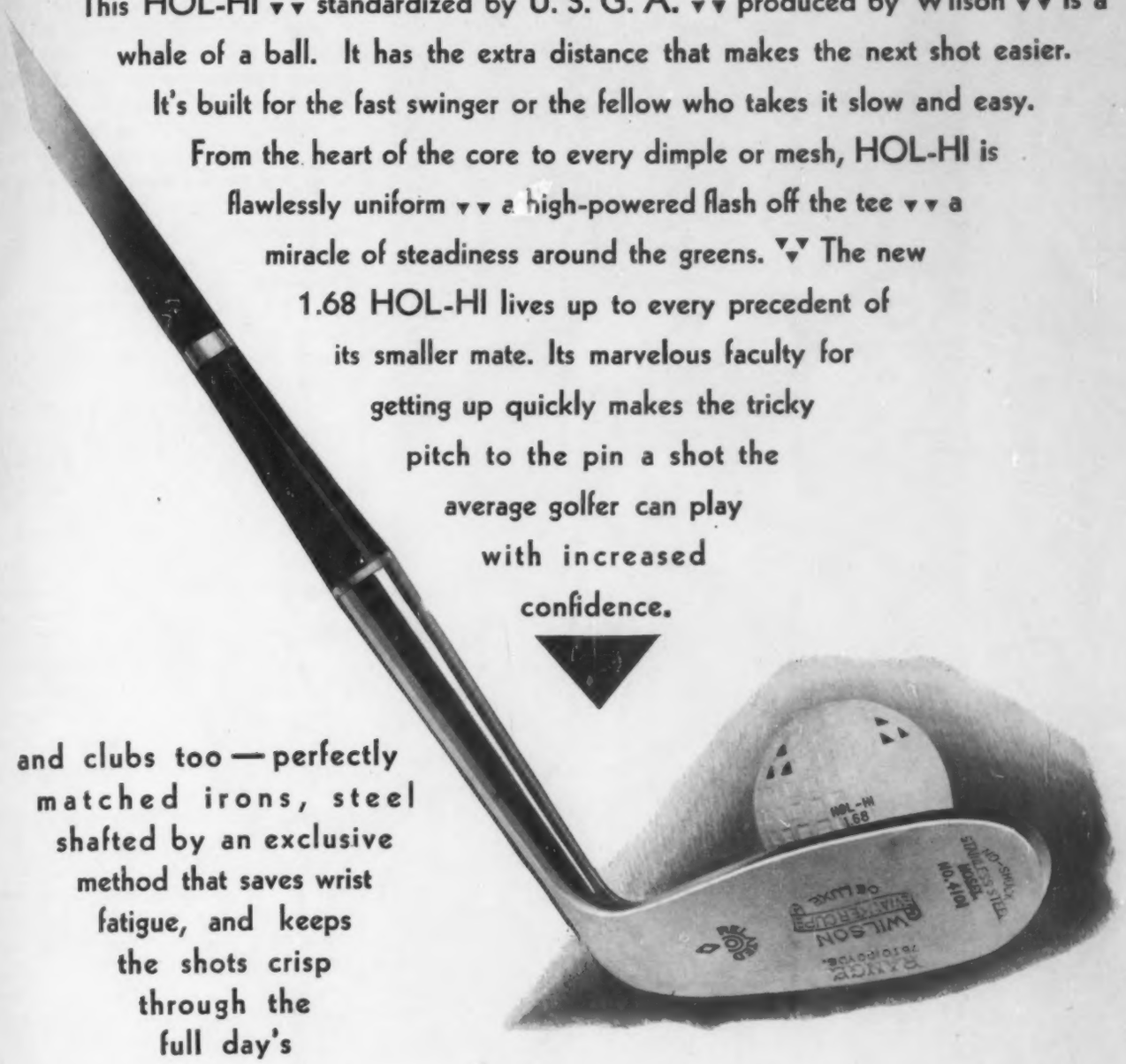

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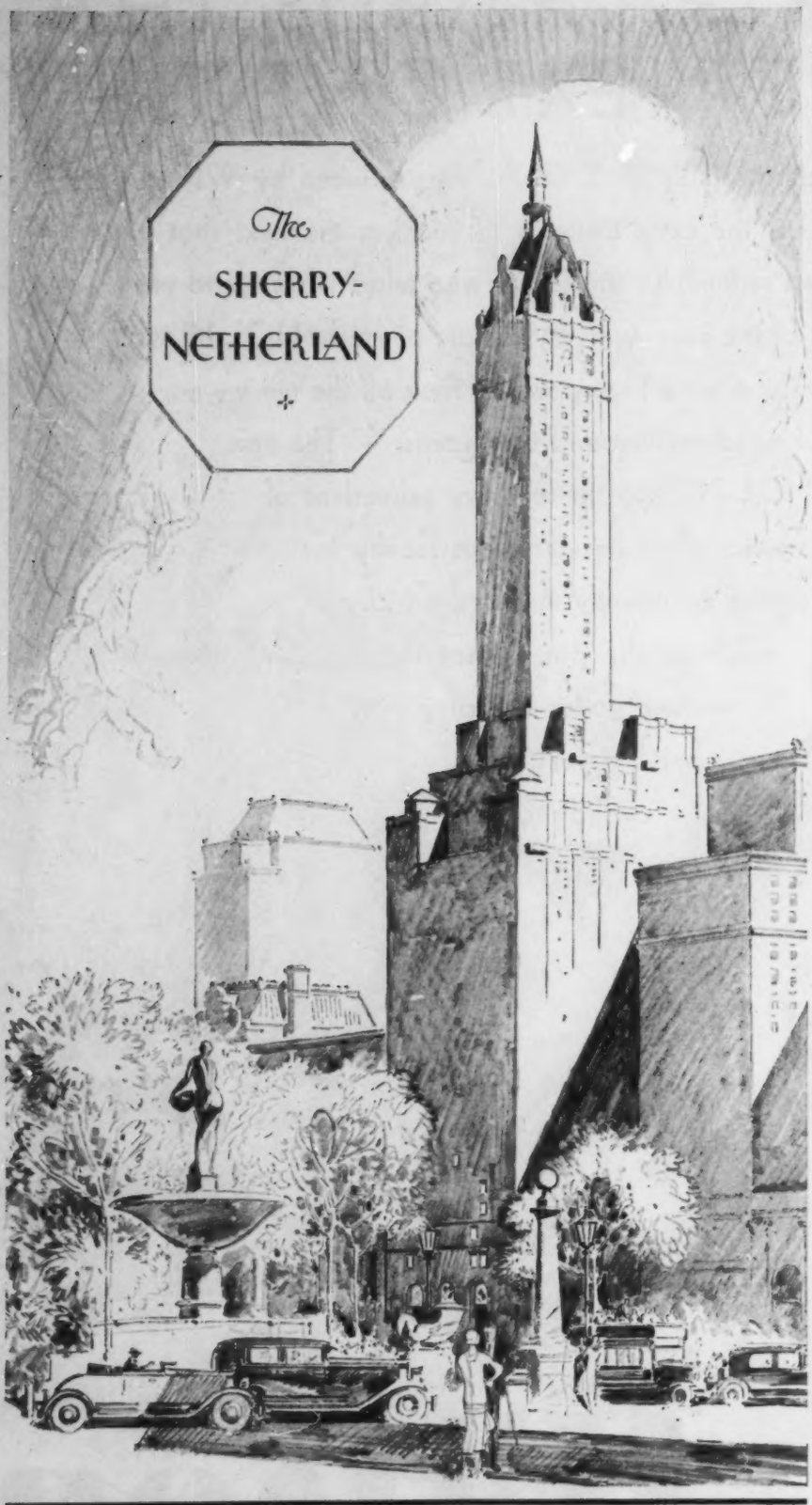

++ LEASING NOW FOR FALL ++

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

us consider the simple physical situation presented in this poem. Mr. Holden is sitting at a table with his face in his fingers. It is night-time and the house is empty, with the exception, that is, of Mr. Holden and a mouse in a cupboard and a beetle in a cranny. The mouse and the beetle, we learn, cry aloud through the house the name of Mr. Holden's ways. Obviously what Mr. Holden wants to convey by this is that he recognizes in certain sounds made by these creatures a criticism of his habits. This is all perfectly clear and rational to me, but from there on things seem rather to go to pieces. In his second stanza Mr. Holden states that he does not hear the mouse or the beetle (I pass over the pragmatic question of how he could be aware of the sounds, as he says he is in his first stanza, if he didn't hear them) but only hears breathing.

As a subscriber to THE NEW YORKER and a realist I am no more satisfied with these statements than I am with the poem as a whole. In view of the fact that there is no reason to believe that roaches or lice make any sound whatever, it doesn't seem so remarkable that he didn't hear *them*. What does seem remarkable is that he should have heard his own breathing, unless he was excited about something, or sick. There being no mention of either of these conditions in the poem, it seems to me that if this man heard anything, it was mice.

THE confusion gets even further out of hand in the last stanza. Apparently Mr. Holden wants to know why he should trap mice or poison bugs, even though they have been criticizing him, since the same mystic current animates both him and them; since, in a sense, they are all brothers—Mr. Holden and the mouse and the bugs.

If I am right in my assumption, I regard this as a singularly maudlin and short-sighted attitude, there being many excellent economic and hygienic reasons for poisoning bugs. After all, too, Life is largely a matter of the survivest of the fittal—oop! the survival of the fittest. Furthermore it seems fantastic to me that the editors of THE NEW YORKER should sponsor such a puerile theory by publishing the poem. Clearly, therefore, there must be some further message which has eluded me—probably in the last two lines, in which I detect no meaning at all but only the sound of those monstrous cockroaches flapping through the steam. May I hope to

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by MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

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Skin fine as Silk

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains the Famous Forty, who set the fashions, are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the grass courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

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Madeleine L'Engle Iselin

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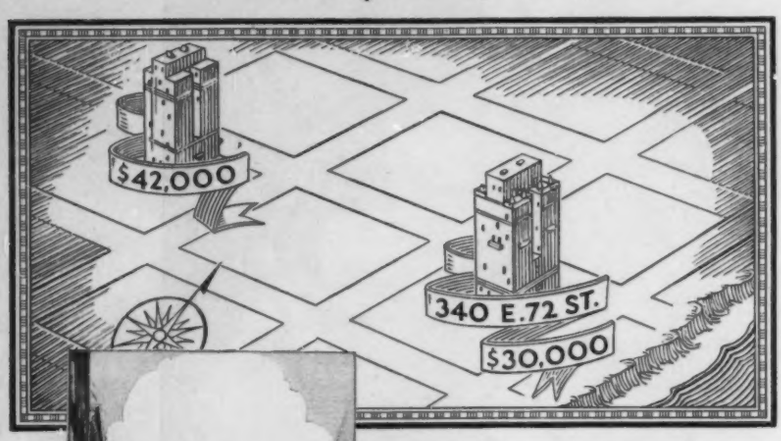

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4 rooms from $ 9,000—Maintenance from $ 945
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hear from you soon, because the shape of *my* mind is terrible.

Very sincerely yours,
RICHARD EVELYN GINSBERG

P.S. A lot of other things in your magazine scare me, but not so much.

IN answer to Mr. Ginsberg's letter, the editors would like to explain that they regard poetry as a purely emotional matter, and judge it on that basis. Good poems *ought* to shake people up—either scare them or at least make them nervous. For this reason all poetry, before it is printed, is submitted to a young lady called Miss Snole who was selected for her position because of something rather strange and gloomy which the editors recognized in her character.

Miss Snole comes to the office between two and three o'clock every morning when her vitality, never very high, is at its lowest ebb, and writes her opinions of more than three hundred poems. The editors are guided entirely by her reactions. If Miss Snole writes on a manuscript: "This makes me cry," or "This scares me," the poem is bought regardless of what anybody else thinks about it. Nobody has ever asked her whether she understands the poems she reads or not; indeed none of the editors has so much as laid eyes on Miss Snole since she was employed, more than four years ago.

Curiously enough Miss Snole never wrote her opinion of the poem to which Mr. Ginsberg has objected. The editors chose it because of rather an odd circumstance reported to them by the night elevator-man in the building. It appears that early one morning he answered a ring from THE NEW YORKER office and found Miss Snole in a state of great agitation. When he asked her what the trouble was, she handed him a folded paper with the remark that he'd better watch out because it was covered with beetles. The man examined the paper and, finding nothing to confirm Miss Snole's statement, questioned her further. She said that the paper contained both beetles and mice, and that he could do what he pleased but *she* was getting the hell out of there.

When the editors heard this story and read the poem they could only conclude that since it had given Miss Snole such a fright it must be a very good poem indeed, and that they ought to publish it. This conclusion seems to have been confirmed by the fact that Miss Snole has not yet returned to work. Are there any more questions?

THE NEW YORKER

9 . . Buy the Ship that fits your needs knowing that—

It's easy to Fly

TWENTY or less hours, of combined dual and solo instruction at a licensed Flying School, shows you that it's simple to fly and enables you to pass with ease the test for your Private Pilot's License. *Then buy a ship all your own and take to the limitless highways!*

Go to the airplane showrooms in town, or at any of the larger Airports. Here you'll find that a score or more dealers for popular and proven Wright-powered planes have exactly the ship you need, at a price you'd pay for a quality car.

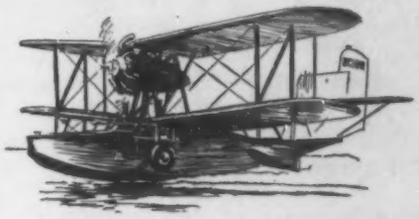
First, you'll notice a sleek sport job with a rugged Wright-Gipsy in its nose. It may be either a monoplane or a biplane with seats for two or three, and a speed of 100 or more miles an hour. It can take off and land on "tight" fields. With its wings folded it can be garaged in a space 19 by 9 feet, and costs no more than $3,000 or $4,000.

Next, you'll see a larger, roomier, open cockpit plane. With seats for 3, 4, or 5 people, it serves as the touring car of the air. A powerful Wright "Whirlwind" of 5, 7, or 9 cylinders gives such a ship a speed of 100 to 130 miles an hour. It ranges in price from $4,000 to $5,500.

Further inside, a cabin ship takes your eye . . . the one with lines like a bullet. It is light and fast, yet carries four people in the snug comfort of a closed car. Treated covering on its wings and fuselage is of great strength but weighs less than aluminum. A 165 or 225 horsepower "Whirlwind" gives this type a cruising speed of well over 100 miles an hour. It costs around $6,000.

Then, a great sky yacht draws your attention . . . metal clad from nose to tail . . . with a Wright "Cyclone" for power. A salesman shows you the steel framework inside its wings and fuselage, which has four or five times the strength it needs. The cabin for six or eight has all the comfort of a sleek commuting cruiser —and it costs no more.

If you live near water, the sturdy seaplane will strike your fancy. It is designed much like a land plane except for its great ski-like pontoons. A "Whirlwind" 300, or giant "Cyclone," gives it power enough to leap from water like a duck and glide back, on any average-sized river or lake, with the same ease. Or, if you want one that's at home on either land or water, you'll choose the amphibian. Either type costs no more than the usual express motor boat.



Other ships there are, of course. These are only a few of the popular types. Scores of models and makes are built today . . . and Wright makes five great engines to fit them all. Pick the ship that fits your needs. Be sure it's powered by Wright. Buy it outright or "on time." And soon you'll count your pleasure aloft in thousands of miles behind an engine by Wright!

This is No. 9 in a series of Plain Talks on Flying. If you have missed any, write for booklet reprinting the entire set. Address

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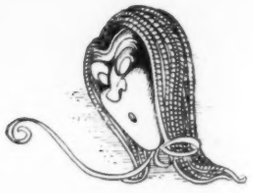
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



WITH MALLETS TOWARD NONE

A DRIFTING and thumb-marked copy of "Joseph Vance," which had come to rest on the bedside table in a room where I was lodged through a recent weekend, renewed an old affection for that first of de Morgan's novels and prompted all manner of miscellaneous reflections. Why, I wondered, should unflagging literary editors keep tossing their hats into the crowded air in honor of this or that new book when the world is still full of people who have never read "Joseph Vance"? But then, I suppose, there are people who have never read "A Lost Lady." Nor "Of Human Bondage." It is most discouraging, and I don't quite know what to do about it.

This going out to the Long Island home of a rakehelly squire and—of all people—finding there my old friend Lossie Thorpe brisking about the premises, set me to thinking that she must certainly be among the ten heroines of English fiction with whom I propose some day to be wrecked on a desert island. I am afraid that in no time she would be bossing the lot, feeling a little alien and disciplinary, at first, toward Tessa from "The Constant Nymph" and perhaps Catherine Barkley from "A Farewell to Arms," but at any rate getting along famously with Elizabeth Bennet from "Pride and Prejudice." Maybe, after all, it would be better to have these ladies wrecked one at a time.

HOWEVER, the drawing up of such a list, involving as it does so many anxious problems of precedence, must be postponed in the face of the more immediate journalistic obligation laid upon me in that chapter where Joe Vance attends a game of croquet. Or rather goes out to St. John's Wood for "tea and strawberries on the lawn and a geem of crawky" as his host calls it. "In the early sixties," the account goes on to say, "croquet flourished—not with its first character of a blinding, maddening, absorbing, distracting, ruinous mania perhaps—but still it flourished and was to me an acceptable diversion." And then the chapter proceeds with the detail of a sport so unlike the one I have come to know a half-century later that I scarcely recognize it.

Indeed, to anyone who has witnessed the harsh, atrabilious, profane, and malignant contests which are fought out these days and nights along the North Shore of Long Island, or on stray patches of green at Saratoga, or in and out among the palm trees at Palm Beach, or (at least, so they tell me) at Palo Alto in California, it must be apparent that the original game, as it was played by Louisa Alcott's heroines and depicted in Mr. Leech's drawings, has in recent years in this country undergone changes so radical as to deserve and need a new name. It is absurd any longer to use the word "croquet" to describe both the old-fashioned pastime which the gaffers in Central Park still find so soothing an anodyne for the tedium of their dotage, and the violent, unbridled, complex battles which, under electrical projectors, shatter the midnight peace of Sands Point these August evenings.

A glance at the chapter on "Croquet and Its Rules" in the current handbook on lawn sports in Spalding's Athletic Library would tend to suggest that the game needs not only a new nomenclature but a new literature as well. I quote verbatim:

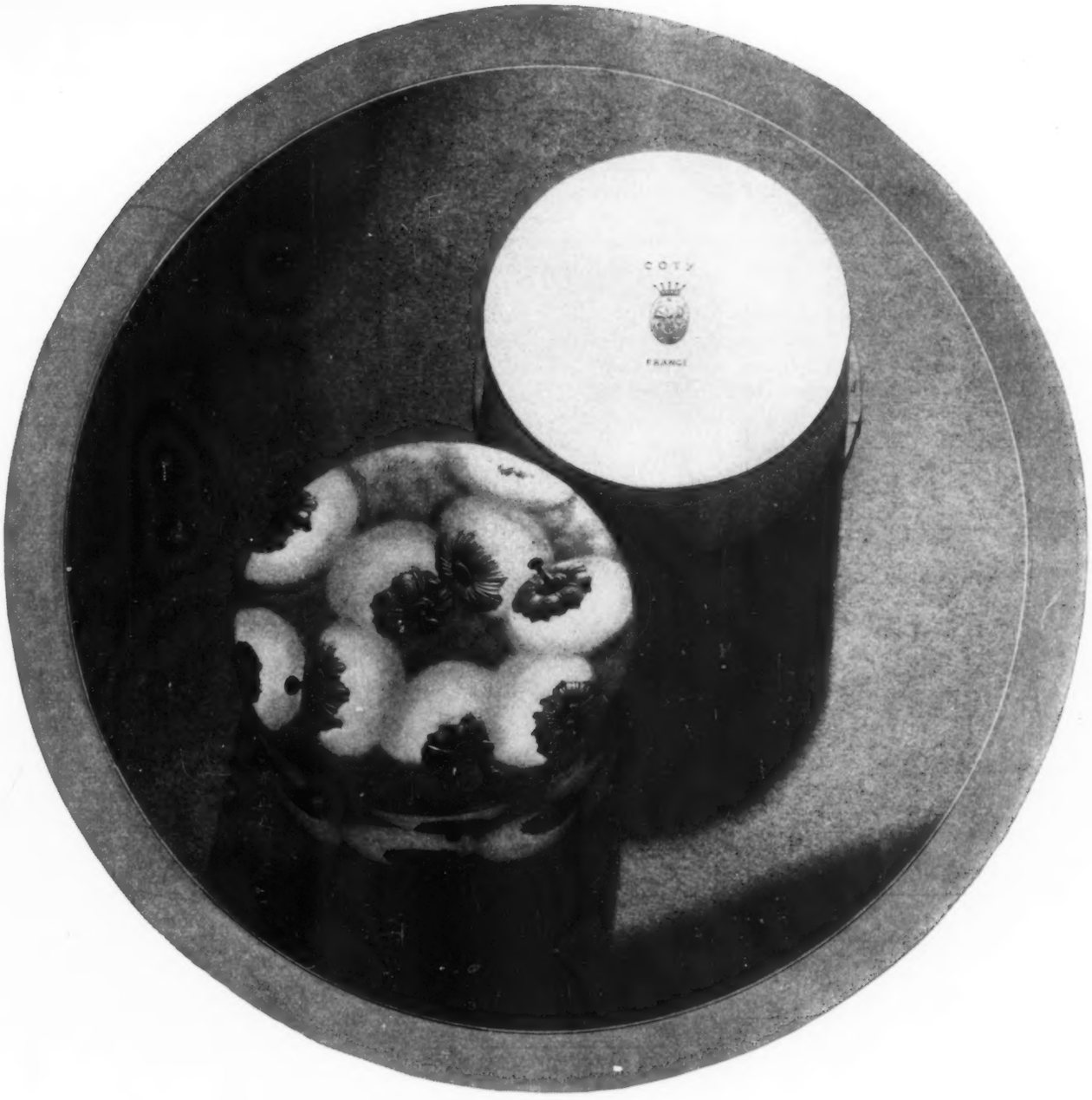
> As a test for good temper, forbearance and fairness no other game, we believe, to be superior to croquet. It is the little amenities of life that count largely in any system of play or business. These add a flavor and produce results along character lines. To win is sometimes the crowning ambition. But with it frequently goes a lack of modesty and an increasing regard for self that destroys the possibilities of development of finer things. Let every movement be one of fairness and honor. Let your adherence to the rules be observed in all cases of even the greatest interest. Let not self-interest mount so high as to warp your judgment and let the little acts of comity and courtesy be sprinkled in between even the most difficult plays, so as to realize outside of and away from what any expertness may bring, the richer fruits of pleasant, though rivaling, companionship. We have known characters vastly improve by courteous companionship and prevailing geniality on the croquet ground. *The old-fashioned wordy strifes and contentions, cherishing and continuing ill feeling, are now unknown.*

The italics are mine. And mine, too, is the apprehension lest Mr. Spalding should some day overhear the game as it is now played by the more intemperate members of the North Shore squirearchy. I fear he would feel compelled to reprove them; possibly even to wash out their mouths with soap. But there are other signs that a somewhat more contemporary handbook of the sport is needed. Consider, for instance, the Spalding decree about "the pendulum stroke, made with two hands—the mallet swinging vertically between the legs well outstretched." "Its gracefulness," the handbook says, "is questioned, and ladies are practically debarred from its use," a dictum which suggests either that the Spalding authority does not get around much, or that Neysa McMein and Kathleen Norris are not ladies in every sense of the word.

IF the Spalding people play their cards right, they can persuade your shrinking correspondent himself to undertake the sorely needed revision of the handbook, but this cannot be begun until someone suggests a name for the new game. It differs from the original in many respects. The wickets, for instance, are narrower and more rigid, the balls larger and made of composition, and the mallets huge metal-bound hammers which tend to discourage, as too hazardous, the once-popular childhood custom of hitting an offensive opponent over the head. Indeed, the equipment is so much more formidable that it makes any return to the old styles seem like using matches to drive ping-pong balls through the Washington Arch.

But the most radical change was the happy notion of playing with no bounds at all. From this variation, more than any other, there has evolved a game which is a blend of croquet, golf, cross-country running, landscape gardening, mayhem, and malicious animal magnetism. It is misleading to call it croquet.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



LES POUDRES COTY ADD STILL GREATER CHARM TO THE LOVELIEST FACES

The faces aren't here—because beauty opinions might differ—but there is the box of Powder—and the majority of women agree upon it decisively. The Face Powder which completely satisfies forty million beauty-seekers must be just about perfect in texture, in individuality of shades, in fragrance and quality.

Twelve perfect flesh-tones of Les Poudres Coty

Naturelle	Nacrée (New)	Cotytan
Blanche	Sèverose (New)	Ocre-Rose
Rachel No. 1	Rose No. 1	Ocre
Rachel No. 2	Rose No. 2	Mauve

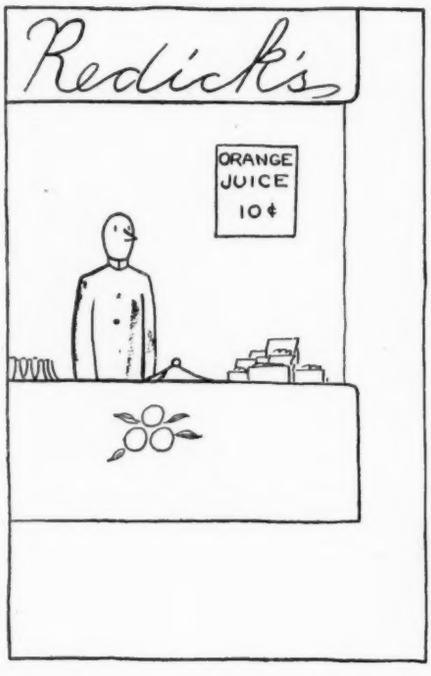
ONE DOLLAR

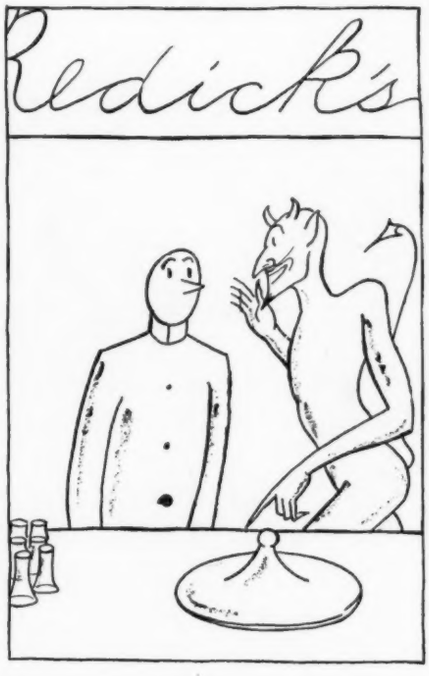
LES POUDRES COTY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOCTURNE

At three o'clock that morning, George and I were at the Battery. We looked out over the black water for a little while, and enjoyed the salty breeze, and told a few lies about acquaintances who had tried to commit suicide by jumping from ferryboats. And then we decided to be provincials, looking for a drink. George was for putting ourselves at once in the hands of a taxi-driver, but I persuaded him that it would be more pleasant to receive instructions from a policeman. So we got into a cab and drove up Broadway, looking for a cop.





We drove from the Battery to Columbus Circle, and back to Madison Square, and back again toward Herald Square before we saw a policeman. We told the driver to pull up at the curb, and the policeman came over when we whistled. He was a young fellow, in fine spirits, and he wanted to know what was troubling us. We told him that we were looking, naturally, for a drink.

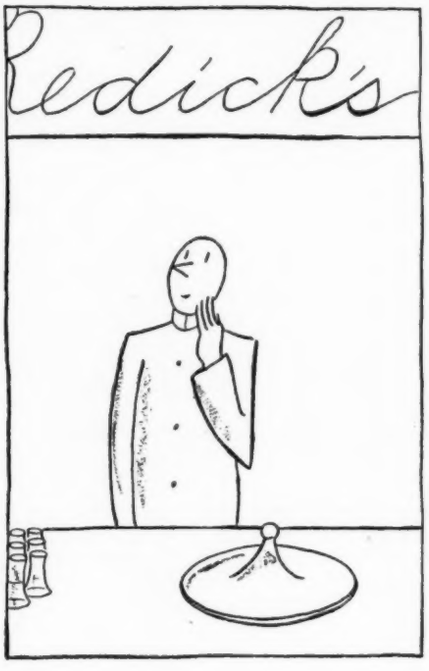
"You go around that corner," he said, "three doors down, and up a flight of steps until you get to a door that says 'Studio.' The stuff is all right there." He pointed out the way.

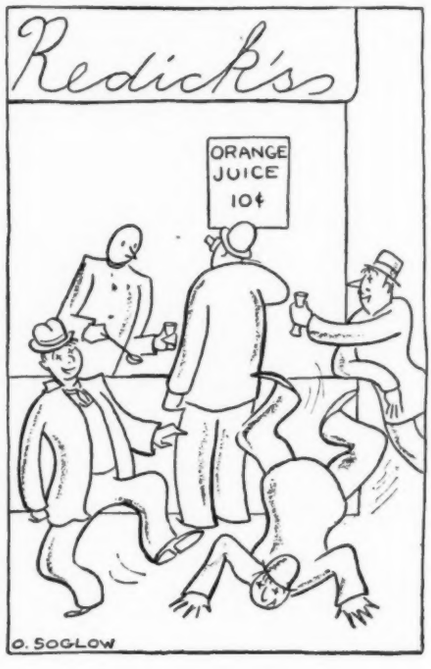
We asked him to come along, but he explained that he could not. "A bum fell down the subway steps and broke his arm," he said. "I'm waiting for the ambulance now. Maybe I'll join up with you a little later."

We left him and went up the stairs, but the door was locked and our knocking did no good. When we returned to the street, the young policeman was still waiting for the ambulance, and we told him it was a fine place he had recommended—no hospitality at all.

"Wait here," he said, "and look out for that ambulance. If it comes, the bum is right down at the bottom of those steps. I'll go and try to wake somebody up."

But he came back after a minute or two and said the place was evidently closed for the night. He was sorry he did not know any others in the neighborhood. He was a new man on the beat.





We asked the newsstand proprietor at Fiftieth Street if he knew of a good speakeasy open at that hour of the night, and he stared at us as if we were lunatics. He refused to answer. But a man was buying a copy of *Psychology*, and, overhearing our conversation, said that he would take us to a place.

He gave the driver an address in West Sixty-third Street, and then undertook to tell us about himself. His name was Aaron Ahlberg and it was, he said, one of the most amazing things in the world that he, a man of such tremendous physical power, should earn his living as a silk-tester. All day long bolts of silk ran under his fingers, which were so delicate, despite their extraordinary strength, that they detected the slightest fault. He said that he was the fourteenth child of a large family and had educated himself—without a day of regular schooling—until he could talk about Kant or the Oriental philosophers, or the Higher Criticism of the Germans, most intelligently. It was a pleasure to meet such gentlemen as we. Did we care to discourse with him on some recondite subject?

His speakeasy was closed.

We stood a little uncertainly in that dim street. But in a few moments, we saw two men coming and deci-

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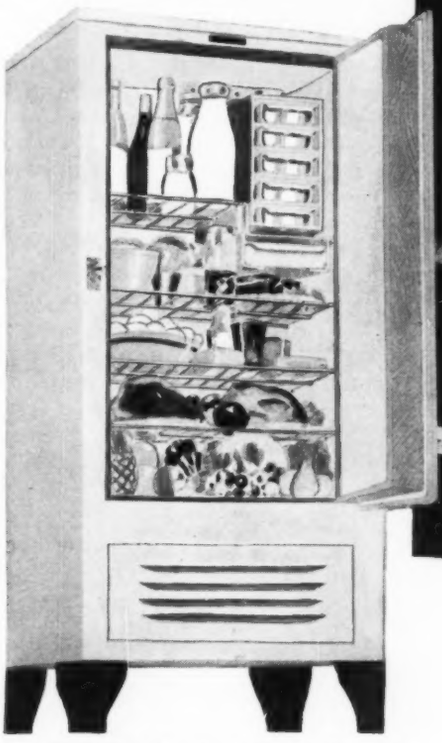
IF YOU could get an alarm clock that ran without ticking you'd think it was quite wonderful.

Well, Electrolux is just as unusual as that. It makes cold and ice cubes automatically—but never a sound. There's no machinery, not a single moving part. A tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water do all the work. The chilling action doesn't stop and start. It goes on continuously, and so the temperature remains constant, steady.

And that isn't all. This refrigerator costs less to use than any other—less, even, than ice. 5 to 10 cents a day covers the entire operating cost.



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

If perfect automatic refrigeration has seemed like something you'd like to have, but that costs too much, you needn't do without it another day. Electrolux can save you enough on ice bills to pay for itself very quickly.

This refrigerator is absolutely safe. The refrigerant never needs renewal, because it is hermetically sealed within rigid steel. Even the tiny gas flame is guarded by an automatic shut-off. No gas can flow unless the flame is lighted.

In the finer new homes and apartments all over the country, Electrolux is the choice today. Yet it costs no more to buy than other automatic refrigerators, size for size. Prices are $195 to $430. Liberal purchase terms. Many models to choose from. Write us for complete information, or phone VANderbilt 5700. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.

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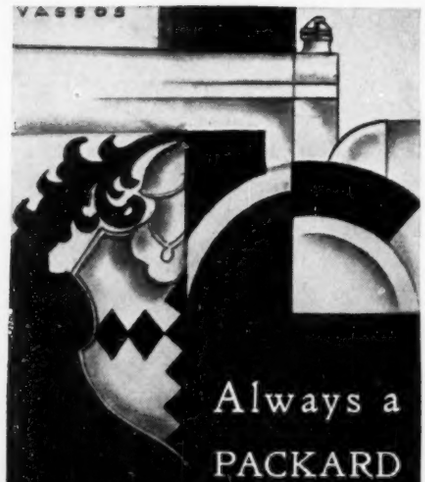
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



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In this day of rapidly varying fads and fancies in motor car design, Packard's distinctive grace of line is an important factor to those who buy for more than a year.

Packard long ago created an enduring style. It has been refined but never lost in succeeding models. The characteristic Packard beauty is recognized everywhere... the world around.

A Packard is always a *Packard*

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PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
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Eleventh Avenue at 54th Street
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BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
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PACKARD BRONX CO., INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

ded to hail them. The first was an Irishman, collarless, lean, hollow-faced, and very drunk. The second was a handsome young Swede: a Swedish sailor, as it quickly turned out. They would be delighted, they said, to return with us to the bar they had just left. It was only half a block away.

THE barman was a perfectly prodigious man, who stood behind a ridiculously narrow white marble slab in a dingy little room three steps down from the pavement. He announced at once, in a deep, tired voice, that he had only gin, that it was good gin, and that it cost fifteen cents a glass. Ahlberg said with a great deal of insistence that the place had a genuine atmosphere; and the Swede insisted upon buying the first round while he told us about the barman.

"This fellow," he said (it would be silly to attempt his Swedish dialect), "this fellow is named Joe. He drives a truck all day. The truck is out front in the street now. He will put us all out at six o'clock and go to work hauling sand. He is a very noble gentleman who gets along on four hours sleep a day."

Aaron Ahlberg was taking off his shirt to show us the stupendous development of his chest, back, and biceps. He said that for all his power he was as light as a feather on his feet, a stunning dancer, and that women would fight each other to dance with him. For himself, he had an affection for women that embraced the entire sex, and devoted much of his life to a study of gallant manners.

The Swede's name was Anson Matson, and he had apparently been in Joe's since early evening. His eyes were glazed, and he seemed quite unable to focus on our faces, but he stood erectly and spoke with careful precision. He had a very long story, which he told exactly as if he might have been dictating, or making a speech from a platform. He went to sea at fourteen in his uncle's ship, a windjammer. On his first voyage he rounded the Horn: four hundred days at sea. His uncle was a bitter, cruel man whom he hated, and would kill some day, but the voyage had hardened the boy and made a mature fellow out of him. He had jumped ship in Australia, spent a year herding sheep, tended bar for a spell in Vancouver and in Amsterdam, spent two years aboard rum-running craft off the coast of Finland (which likewise suffers from prohibition), married a Norwegian girl who adored him so much

Silk-Eze Never Treats 'Em Rough

Young or old, Silk-Eze is kind to all silk or rayon stockings and underwear. For Silk-Eze is a new powdered soap especially made from a secret formula to preserve the original beauty and finish of these delicate fibres. It does to them what cold cream does to your skin. It cleanses them thoroughly and preserves the bloom of youth. Unlike other soaps it contains no harmful ingredients to destroy insidiously the life of delicate materials.

Silk-Eze is easy and economical to use. A tablespoon to a bowl of tepid water will wash five pounds of garments quickly, thoroughly and gently.

Use Silk-Eze for all your finest silks, wools, elastic garments and rayons. Take it with you on your vacation. It will safeguard your clothes and make clean garments a matter of only a few minutes work.

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25c

On the hosiery counter of the better department stores.

that he was bored, and was now in port with a sailing ship which had just brought a cargo of lumber from Seattle through the Canal.

The Irishman stood at the end of the bar, drank seven gins, and never spoke a word. At about four-thirty he went into the telephone booth and made a call. Heaven alone knows what message he had to deliver, or to whom, at four-thirty in the morning—a bum who could handle his drinks, and who listened to all our talk with a contempt which he made no effort to conceal.

TOWARD five o'clock, Joe ran out of gin. Ahlberg and the Swede were beginning to repeat their stories, and we thought it time to leave them and get a fresh start.

A new taxi-driver said he could take us to the perfect joint, and he put us down somewhere in the old uptown tenderloin, before a forbidding doorway that opened immediately the cab stopped. Two men came out to welcome us, and led us into a perfectly bare little room, with a door giving onto a bar. Eight or nine drowsy-looking men leaned against the bar and watched our arrival, blank-faced. George and I looked at each other and grinned. It was a sort of signal to keep on grinning.

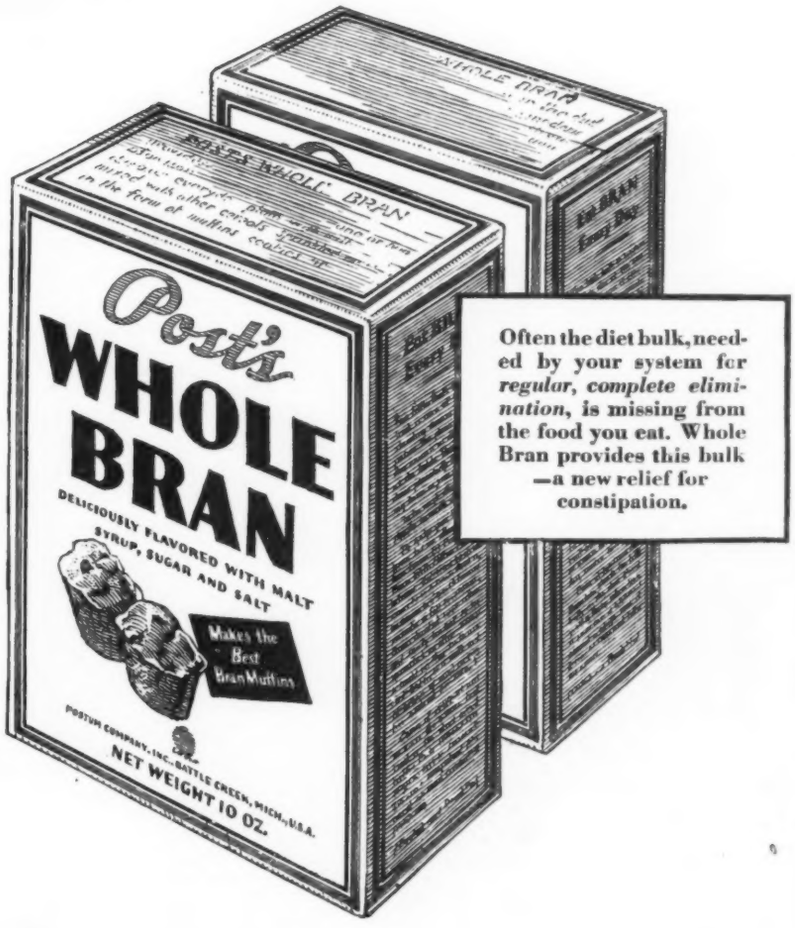
Two girls came suddenly into the room where we were standing, and sat down with us at a little iron table that had no cover. One was an Italian girl, vivid white and black and red, with a pink beaded dinner dress and perfume that was almost overwhelming. The other was a blonde with a very long nose and pale blue eyes. A waiter brought cocktails for them and ponies of whiskey for ourselves.

The people in the bar—we could see them facing us through the doorway—were not moving. They stared into our dark little room, where the two girls were telling us about themselves. One of them was from Charleston, West Virginia, and said she knew a judge whose name I invented. She said she was kin to him.

George winked at me. He said, quite loudly: "Let's see here. How much money have you got left?"

I remembered a five and two ones that I had not put back in my wallet with the rest. They were in my vest pocket, and I took them out. "Seven dollars," I said. "You can't have much more than that yourself."

"Just about right," he said. He counted out some bills with his hand



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Full strength bran . . . now

EASY TO EAT!

POST'S WHOLE BRAN is the name—and it is entirely new—different—a full strength *bran* cereal that is actually good to eat. For the first time you can *enjoy* full bulk bran—these tender, crisp and crunchy shreds are delicious! Post's Whole Bran is wonderful for relief from constipation. It provides the bulk so often overlooked in modern diets and is as effective as any bran cereal you can find . . . Try it now as your regular cereal with milk or cream. Give your system the bulk so often needed for regular elimination—so that eyes can sparkle and cheeks can bloom with bodily well-being. And try Post's Whole Bran in muffins. It makes the best full strength bran muffins you ever ate. The new recipe is on the package.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Whole Bran. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

Post's WHOLE BRAN

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TIME OUT

JUST after you turn out take time to brush your teeth thoroughly with Squibb's Dental Cream.

Then light up your favorite smoke and puff away. Squibb's puts an extra edge to your smoking enjoyment.

And just before you turn in take time out again. Notice how all furriness and fuzziness disappears — how cool and sweet your mouth feels.

Squibb's Dental Cream is a taste freshener and a fine smoking companion. It's half Milk of Magnesia—the safest, most effective antacid for oral use.

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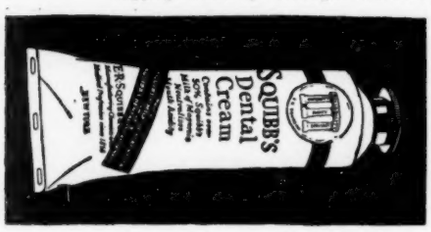

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

inside his pocket, and brought them out. "Seven dollars exactly," he said. "You'd better take it all." I put his and mine together in a pocket.

We laughed loudly, and said: "Well, this is probably the place we get thrown out of, all right. It had to come to us, sooner or later." The girls tried to smile, but had quite a time of it looking amused. A tall man with a striped shirt and no coat over his vest leaned down over the table.

"Having a good time?" he inquired.

We laughed. "Sure," we said. And we told him we might as well enjoy life while we could, because we'd be thrown out in a few minutes.

"Oh, no," he deprecated. "Nothing like that. Maybe you want your check?"

It came. It was for fourteen dollars.

When I offered the fourteen dollars to him, he looked at it a little angrily. "Haven't you got a dollar or two for the boy that served you?" he asked. We said no, that was the reason we expected to be thrown out.

BUT he was suddenly overcome by a rush of good humor. He had, he said, an idea. "Come on back to the bar a minute, and have a drink on the house. There's nothing for you gentlemen to worry about." The girls were gone, and two men were somehow behind us in the little room. They moved up, and we strolled into the bar.

"Now," said the tall fellow, "you men need a little cash, and you ought to give that waiter a tip. So we can fix it up for everybody. Why not write out a cheque? You've got a bank account. You've got identification. We'll accept a cheque from birds like you anytime. No trouble at all."

We were up against the bar, and the barman, across the counter from us, was giving directions to the loungers with the broadest gestures possible to imagine. We could feel the men from that group breaking up at these directions, and moving around the room, and pressing closer from behind us. We kept on grinning, and assuring each other quite loudly it would be a lucky break if we got out alive.

I showed them a bank book for identification, and two of them began making out a cheque at the end of the bar: filling in the name of the bank, the payee, and the amount. They were working over a thick pad of cheque blanks, and George was nudging me. I knew what he meant. He had told me about an experience with raised

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cheques a little while before. I made up my mind to exaggerate my signature so that the bank could not possibly honor it.

They brought the book over, and pointed with loud explanations to the place for me to sign. The cheque was twenty dollars, and two of them were holding it flat against the pad with thick, dirty fingers. I was a little too smart. While I was working on the signature, I saw that the cheque was cut away along the bottom, and that my name would really appear on the signature line of the next cheque down: a perfectly blank one which they could fill in later for any amount they might think my account would stand. Instead of going ahead with that distorted signature, I flicked the cheque up and asked them what sort of rube they took me for. Just then, I felt the man at my left dip his hand into my coat pocket.

"I'm not going to sign that cheque," I said, "and how can you expect me to pay the bill at all now, when this fellow has taken my money?" George grinned at the pickpocket. "Give him the money back," he suggested.

The thief wavered, looking at us and at the bartender and the tall fellow in the striped shirt. Then he slowly pulled his hand out of his pocket and gave me four one-dollar bills. He had not taken it all. The rest was still in my pocket.

THE bartender ignored the incident and had a new idea about the cheques. We must each sign one —just ten dollars—on blanks that we could make out ourselves, and he would give us our change. There was nothing much to do but go on with it, and we scrawled outlandish signatures. The bartender looked them over and howled. "A couple of phonys! A couple of phonys! Giving us cheques on phony banks. Them cheques ain't no good! Ya-a-a-ah!" And he tore them up with a tremendous flourish. I noticed that he kept the signatures perfectly intact during all the tearing.

I put the fourteen dollars on the bar and said: "Come on and throw us out, now. We're tired of fooling along."

They took the money, cursed pretty savagely, and began to move tentatively toward the door. The man in the striped shirt said: "Oh, let 'em go." Eight of them followed us out into the street. They shook hands all around, and watched us walk away toward the Avenue while the first gray of the morning touched the empty streets.

—MORRIS MARKEY

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IT'S THE HEAT

"SAY, Mrs. Kaplan, ain't this weather somethin' awful? It's worst than last year."

"Worst than last year! Last year was nothin'. It's worst than two years ago. That was the worst yet."

"I don't remember the weather two years ago."

"Mr. Kaplan and me, we was talkin' about it today at supper. Two years ago was when little Irving, he got the stroke."

"No wonder you remember so good. It's so hot today that I'm already on my third han'kerchief."

"You on your third! I just put away the fi'th han'kerchief in the laundry bag. It's terrible the way I'm hard on han'kerchiefs in the summertime. Mr. Kaplan, he said to me last night at the table, he said, 'Hannah, how can you use up so many han'kerchiefs?' I told him straight that I couldn't help it. In winter I don't use up so many han'kerchiefs, but when it comes to the summertime, it's simply terrible the way I'm hard on han'kerchiefs."

"In weather like this I like to sit around in my kimoner and slippers—and just sit around."

"I WISHT I could sit around in my kimoner and slippers insteada wearin' all these clothes, but I'm afraid it'll give Mr. Kaplan a bad name. How would it look for somebody in the department store to walk pass the house and then go to Mr. Kaplan's boss and say, 'Y'know the floorwalker? You shoulda seen the way his wife dresses. She sits around in nothin' but a kimoner and slippers.' It gives Mr. Kaplan a bad name."

"A bad name! Why does it give him a bad name if you comfortable in hot weather? Look at me. I got on less than a bathin' suit."

"Well, Mr. Stein, he's in business for hisself. He got his own cleanin' and dyein' place and if somebody comes to him and says, 'Y' should be ashamed the way your missus sits around the house with hardly nothin' on,' he can say, 'All right, if you don't like it, take your cleanin' and dyein' work to somebody else.' But Mr. Kaplan, he's a floorwalker and you know it don't look nice for a floorwalker's wife to make people talk. It gives him a bad name."

"Ah! In this weather who cares how you look?"

"I dunno. Mr. Kaplan, he's standin' on his feet all day in the store. All day he sees the people comin' to the

store to buy things. So he comes home at night and he finds me in a kimoner. So what? He thinks, 'Look, my own wife she don't look half so good like the women who come to the store.' It's in weather like this you should try to look nice so your husband don't think you puttin' somethin' over on him."

"You think Mr. Stein is gonna believe I'm puttin' somethin' over on him because I got on just the kimoner and slippers?"

"I don't say you puttin' somethin' over on him. After all, he's in his own shop and he got his coat off and he's makin' hisself comfortable. Why shouldn't you make yesself comfortable, too? I'm oney sayin' if Mr. Kaplan can wear his coat in this weather and stand on his feet all day long, I should put myself out, too, so he don't feel he's the oney pebble on the beach who's feelin' hot. That's the oney thing I'm sayin'."

"LISTEN. Mr. Kaplan, he got a 'lectric fan runnin' over him keepin' him cool all day. You got a 'lectric fan runnin' over you? You certain'y ain't. You get dressed up and you stand over a hot stove cookin' his supper for him, that's what you doin'."

"I didn't cook no hot supper for him. I got a can of salmon from the delicatessen store and a head of lettuce and I'm makin' him a salad. I'm not standin' over a hot stove in this weather."

"You said it. What do they think we are—crazy?—to cook a hot meal in this weather? I got some cold cuts from the delicatessen and I'm gonna let Mr. Stein have them for supper. If he don't like it, he knows what he can do."

"You said it. Where they come off to get chicken and steak with the heat like it is? Bad enough we cook for them all winter and go marketing and save a penny here and a penny there. You think it's appreciated? No! When you ask for a coupla extra dollars at the end of the week, they wanna know where the money is for the marketing."

"Listen. If you ain't gonna cook your hubby a hot supper why don't we cool off and take in a pitcher show? It's so cold in them movie places it's a pleasure."

"Say, that's a good idear. Why should Mr. Kaplan keep cool with a 'lectric fan runnin' on him all day, and I should use up han'kerchiefs here? If he can cool off with a 'lectric fan then I'm entitled to cool off in a cool theayter. O. K. So let's go."

—ARTHUR KOBER

"Now we have chicken dinners often!"

WHAT A CONVENIENCE it is to purchase a plump, tender, milk-fed whole chicken—already cooked in its crystal-clear container!

Buying, preparing and cooking a chicken the old-fashioned way was a tedious task. Now it requires only a few moments . . . Open the container and have tender, flavory cold chicken **ready to serve**—fried or creamed in 10 minutes—baked in 20 minutes . . . Economical! Full weight—full nourishment—full flavor . . . Order from your food dealer.

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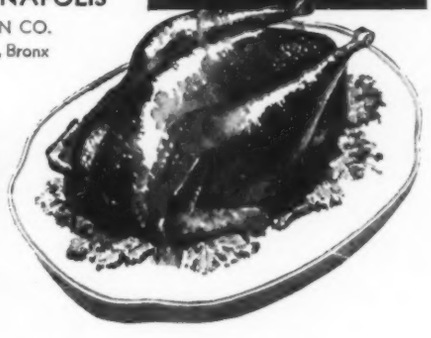

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These juicy, tender, sugar-cured hams have a world-wide reputation for finer flavor. Sold by leading meat dealers.

You'll like the mild, sweet, delicious flavor of this choice bacon, sliced fresh daily; packed in cartons and cellophane.

THE RACE TRACK

The Colt of the Year—Racing Luck
—Auction Block—No More Canoes

ASSUMING that the breakneck trip to Saratoga has not been too much for you, have you kept pace with the other winner-hunters? Well, the crying-room is two doors to the left and you'll have plenty of company. The midweek opening was not propitious for attendance records, but racing schedules are framed by conservatives. Nevertheless the weekend crowd was quite up to the usual proportions.

ALMOST everybody one met after the running of the United States Hotel Stakes said: "Well, we've seen the colt of the year in Jamestown." For my part, I shall reserve judgment until I have seen him run against Equipoise in the Saratoga Special this weekend, although I might add, with due modesty, that he was one of my dozen.

On the opening day we saw Jamestown win the Flash Stakes without taking a long breath, and last Saturday he showed dazzling speed in the United States Hotel Stakes, carrying George Widener's colors home four lengths in front of the field. After the race his proud owner met Freddy Hopkins, who trains Equipoise for Harry Whitney. Hopkins extended his congratulations. "Feeling a bit nervous, Freddy?" said Widener. "Just a little," said Hopkins. "You have a rapid-going colt. Mine doesn't break so well but he's always running at the end."

Jamestown will run three more races this season: for the Saratoga Special, the Hopeful on the last day of the meeting, and the Futurity. His stable expects him to win all three. I do not believe we shall see William Woodward's Ormsby under colors in the Special, though he may come to hand.

I MET Sam Riddle coming from the stewards' stand after the running of the Wilson Stakes with the silver cup won by his Battleship Gray. "Do you know," he said, "this is the first stake I have won since Crusader won the Suburban three years ago?" Well, racing luck is like that. Incidentally the star of Man o' War is in the ascendent again, four of his sons having won in as many days at this meeting.

A YEAR ago Kenneth Dawes tried to buy Curate from Joe Widener, but after much communication by radio (Widener was on shipboard on the way home), Dawes was persuaded to buy Marine, a colt by Man o' War. As Pete Coyne was saddling Curate for the Saratoga Handicap, on the opening day of the meeting, Howard Lewis, who used to train the Widener jumpers, said to him: "The one you sold is going to beat you today." Lewis' prediction came to pass, for Marine raced around the leaders at the head of the stretch and beat Curate a nose on the winning post. It must be exasperating to own a horse who does nothing but finish second. Curate has been beaten by a head or a nose in three of the big handicaps this season. Still, it must be some consolation for Joe Widener that he has won as many races (two) in the first three days at Saratoga as he did during the entire Belmont Park and Aqueduct meetings. I think he has a useful colt in Novelist, a gray by Stefan the Great, who gave Jamestown quite a race of it to the head of the stretch.

THE yearling sales have begun and breeders are sighing for the days of yore when prices were prices and bidders were their own heroes. Be that as it may, last August Jack Joyner

bought a colt by Big Blaze, who won stakes in the Glen Riddle Farm colors, and was one of the handsomest horses I've seen, for $1,750. Last week Joyner refused $40,000 for the colt, whom he named Red Flare. The colt was unlucky in his first start, as those who took one to two over him will bear witness. George Cassidy managed one of his worst starts and Roan Antelope bounded off to half a dozen lengths' lead, though Red Flare wore him down to a length at the finish. I do not believe that race will affect the colt's price, for Mrs. George Widener, who bought a half-interest in Red Flare after he was led out of the sales ring, considers him nearly as good a colt as Jamestown.

OLD AUDAX is peeved. The red and blue canoes are missing from the lake in the infield. His vantage point for watching horses is gone. He has been unreliably informed that a miscreant, a white-suit addict who shall be nameless, used them for toboggans last winter. The old place is not the same. First thing you know, we'll discover Colonel Tantivy Martingale drinking spring water.

THE MORNING LINE: The band opened the meeting with "God Save the King." . . . E. R. Bradley is experimenting on improvements for his windsplitting, streamline blinkers. . . . George Bull has lost twenty pounds in weight so far, greeting arrivals and seeing that all the chairs in the clubhouse are in place. . . . Harry Sinclair came up to see Zaidee run. . . . McAtee's wardrobe eclipses Sammy Smith's. . . . Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Charles Amory, and Mrs. H. C. Phipps lead the paddock parade for every race.

SARATOGA DIVERSION: Watching the outside men run from the clubhouse to the lawn, a sixteenth of a mile, and betting on the fat, baldheaded ones.

—AUDAX MINOR

Over white-capped waters!

The yachtsman with brine in his blood is a stickler for all the traditions of his sport. Jealously he guards them from the ever-threatening indifference or ignorance of the newcomers whose ideas may be that to own a boat is to be a sailor . . .

Besides all the niceties of yachting lore, the clothes and accessories for host, crew and guests are vital parts of the correct picture.

If you are inviting people on the water (or accepting invitations) we suggest that you come here for whatever you need. Send for booklet "Hard Alee!" and Boating Catalog.

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MOTORS

Blue Blood at South Bend — Traditional Buick — Fast-Paced Chrysler

VEERING sharply away from the stolid fashions of the hinterland, the 1931 motors have a definitely urban touch. Studebaker, Chrysler, and Buick all offer cars redesigned markedly for the Avenue patronage.

The blend of Pierce-Arrow blue blood with the sturdy heritage of South Bend has resulted in a line of Studebakers which the original makers of the covered wagon would regard as little less than sinful.

The radiator in the new models is convex like the prow of a boat, and is shaped somewhat like an inverted triangle with the bottom third cut off. This departure from the customary straight rectangle has been expertly handled.

Studebaker's new transmission is a very satisfactory answer to our clamor during the past year for improvement in this department. It keeps the gears in friendly relationship with each other so that you can shift at all speeds without criticism from passengers. What's more, it's self-adjusting on hills.

The car that happened to take our eye particularly in the Broadway store at Seventieth Street was the Commander Brougham, at $2,000. It is a black affair with dark green molding and light green trim. The President State sedan, at $2,300 in New York, is a diverting combination of a deep cream body with battleship-gray fenders.

THE 1931 tailoring in the new Buicks is evidenced primarily in special touches on the various bodies, rather than in changed fundamentals. Buick was always strong for tradition, and the current cars have the basic characteristics of recent years. The changes are all under the hood.

The adoption of eight cylinders was to be expected. We note especially, however, an extra radiator which surrounds the oiling system, keeping it cool at high speeds, and dispelling the thought of burned-out bearings. The cylinders are smaller than in the six-cylinder models, which means that the motor travels with eight quick strokes

as compared with six longer ones. Gasoline consumption is approximately the same as in the former type.

We have never felt that the expedient of side-ventilators to cool one's feet in the driver's compartment is adequate on these August days. Buick has remedied that by putting in heat-deflecting material in front of the dashboard under the hood. The same has been done for floorboards and floor-mats. In addition to this there is an air-intake muffler. All of which makes for freedom from heat, vibration, and noise.

Of the line now on view we have a special fondness for the Model 95 phaeton, which costs $1,945 delivered. This, in olive-green and black, is informal but not rowdy. The upholstery is black leather. The body is olive green and the molding black with gold striping. The molding runs ingeniously along the bottom of the car and over the back fenders, and the black spokes contrast effectively with the bright nickel hubcaps.

Buick also joins the ranks of those cars with quiet transmission gears.

WE have been wondering for some time when Chrysler would repeat his feat of diverting us with new and sophisticated designs. He has done it with his new Imperial Eight which, even when standing at the curb, has pace in its lines. The familiar radiator-cap wings are flattened back. The radiator, built like a refined snowplow, cuts the air; and it is canted slightly back to minimize wind-resistance.

The most shrewdly conceived body of this line is the close-coupled sedan. The radiator-cap wings are surmounted by a tiny nickel Pegasus, rampant. The body is tan with pistachio green molding and fenders.

The windshield is adroitly framed in chrome finish (nickel). On the front of the rear fenders there are three vertical nickel bars. The interior hardware is silver-nickel. Then, too, the windshield caught our eye, not only for its gleaming frame, but also because it is divided into halves, vertically, with each half hinged from the top. Either half may be opened or shut independently, in accord with the whims of the driver and the other front-seat passenger. —NICHOLAS TROTT

•

MOTHER OF 18 CHILDREN IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN—*Headline in the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Evening News.*

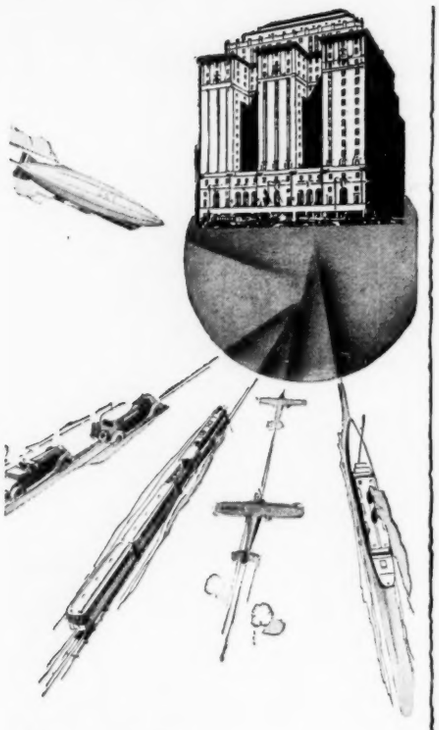
Now what?

MIRACLES - *Interborough and Otherwise*

The only kind of Rapid Transit known to our remote ancestors was operated by the hand of God. It took the form of direct ascent into heaven without preliminary of dying—pleasant for the chosen and economical for the heirs. In these degenerate days Rapid Transit has fallen on evil times—become merely Interborough. Subway travellers, however, can still savor the joy of a real miracle by rising out of the depths and coming heavenward, Tudor Cityward.* But they must make the ascent on their own. For believe it or not it is the hand of the photographer and not the Almighty uplifting the little group above.

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

* *Tudor City stands in its own green parks—4 minutes' walk from Grand Central. Its many conveniences include indoor and outdoor miniature 18-hole golf courses. Apartments, hotel and housekeeping, 1 to 5 rooms, from $70 to $229.* Fred F. French Management Co., Inc., Renting Office East end of 42nd Street to 5 Prospect Place. (Vanderbilt 8860-4801)



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Madison Avenue and 45th Street, New York City

UNITED HOTELS

STORIES OF TODAY

HYPERZEALOUS

Ralph Georges,
Blind accordionist
Of Oakland, California,
Was recently arraigned
For disturbing the peace.
The sympathetic judge
Was about to acquit him
When eager Georges,
To strengthen his case,
Started playing
"When It's Springtime
In the Rockies."

The judge immediately
Declared him guilty.

DISAPPOINTED

Mrs. Augie Mitchell
Of Chicago, Illinois,
Mournfully returned
From a long auto tour
Of the desert roads
Of romantic Algeria
In a fruitless quest
"For a desert sheik
Like Valentino portrayed."

"They don't exist,"
She sadly complained.

VERY DROLL

A policeman in Chicago
Noticed a young man
Having a lot of trouble
Unlocking a car
Parked at the curb,
And naturally asked him
What he was doing.
"I'm trying to steal it,"
The young man laughed.
"Ha, ha!" chortled the officer,
Who appreciates humor,
As he shuffled away.

A half-hour later,
Miss Ellen Root,
Owner of the car,
Reported it stolen.

CUT-RATE

Justice of the Peace
Arthur G. Taylor
Of Crown Point, Indiana,
Offers bargain rates
In marriages.

"I only charge
Twenty-five cents
For a marriage certificate,"
He advertises,
"Pay no more!"

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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This amazing NEW concentrated BEEF BOUILLON, made from fresh prime beef, invigorates and refreshes . . . but it won't add weight.
Torex will help you to keep a slim figure . . . or get one. Try Torex today. Your grocer has it in the "Big Red Tube" that keeps Torex fresh and sweet until the last drop is used.
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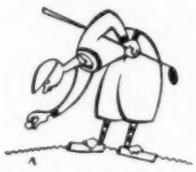
Advertising Tom Thumb —The Gang at Hamilton —Scotch Wisdom—Fate versus Diegel



THE recent exploits of Bobby Jones have been good for golf in one way and bad in another. There's no doubt of his having done more to make the game generally popular than anyone else, with the possible exception of Walter Hagen. It is the reputation of Bobby Jones that is making money these summer days for the proprietors of Tom Thumb courses along village streets and driving grounds beside state highways. Just the same, Jones has hurt golf too—lessened the interest in competitive events. He has grown into such an attraction that many spectators take no interest in a tournament except when he is entered.

THE Canadian Open showed how this has worked out. Like the Met Open, which once rated next to the National and created pretty nearly as much interest, the Canadian Open used to be important. It still is important, theoretically—the winner acquires a prestige that is worth something as advertising matter—but as things to see, both the Met and the Canadian have lost caste. Jones does not bother with them, so his followers don't turn out, and his followers constitute at least eighty per cent of the people who are idle and misguided enough to watch golf tournaments. In the Met at Elmsford hardly anyone outside of officials, caddies, reporters, and people whose houses overlooked the course followed the contestants round, and it was much the same at Hamilton.

It was strictly a professional outing. They called it the Canadian Open, but its entry list was composed of the same American pros who play in every ranking open, wherever held. With a few exceptions, the whole crowd was there: Watrous, Emmet French, old Mac and young Horton Smith, Johnny Farrell with his English shirts and gay golf suits in pastel shades, laconic Barnes in his familiar long trousers, chewing a clover stem, Diegel, Dudley, Hagen, Tommy Armour with a new driver. Add half a dozen other names

The Thoughts of Youth

THE thoughts of youth are often only longings for lost enthusiasm. Today's pleasures can be almost as stirring as the old ones ever were if we are bodily fit.

But twentieth century success is an exacting master. Strength flags, waves of depression ensue, and gradual weariness of life supervenes. More than the salt has lost its savour.

These black clouds can be dispelled. Air, and country sunshine, and exercise, and freedom from worry will do much, but there are more than these at The Homestead. There are the fields and pools and courses —and the rejuvenating Springs. And nowhere else are nature and man, with his best equipment, so happily joined in keeping people "walking in the way of health."

The famous Hot Springs mineral waters are a reason why so many physicians from all over the United States send people here who are not ill but who are benefited measurably by them, especially persons of gouty or rheumatic tendencies. At hand, too, for those who want them, are hydro-therapeutic treatments, hot spring-water baths and massage; as well as the services of capable physicians for examination or treatment.

One of the world's most famous hotels, it is noted far and wide for its delightful social life, dancing, concerts and smart entertainments. Three excellent golf courses, numerous tennis courts, always in perfect condition, and a stable of over 200 saddle horses, offer a wide variety of sports. A well illustrated booklet will be forwarded you upon request. Kindly address Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

Reservations and transportation from New York may be secured from the Virginia Hot Springs office in the Ritz-Carlton. Daily through Pullman service from New York, Detroit, Cleveland, and other Ohio cities to the Virginia Hot Springs.

The HOMESTEAD

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Summer Temperature Averages 66°

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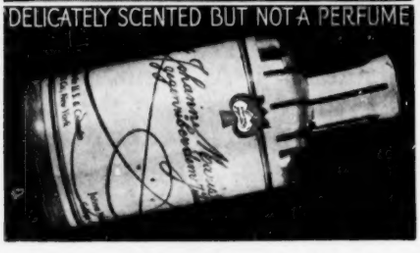
For 220 years the SECRET of delicacy



IT'S *sure*—exhilarating—refreshing. That is why Farina's Red Crest Cologne has been Europe's protection against perspiration odor for 220 years.

Since its creation in 1709 by Johann Maria Farina, only two men at any one time have known its formula, but millions of smart Continentals have known its sureness.

And now alert New Yorkers have discovered it as a quick freshener, a tingling rub-down after the bath, a gentle astringent, a valued aid in travelling, and a widely useful toilette complement.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

known to everybody and you will have included all the players who give competitive golf a meaning. They are getting a little thinner, a little more mechanical at this time of year, for they started early, with the Florida tournaments in March, and worked north with the strawberries. With them travels a secondary group of nameless men, well down in the list of qualifiers, young pros just a season or two away from being caddy masters or golf-shop boys. The presence of these underlings, who constantly replace each other, since few can afford to get far from home, gives background to the stars, but big-timers and little-timers share an identical attitude. Golf is what they live on and talk and breathe all day; they travel after it from place to place, some by train, some in spruce roadsters, some in dilapidated cars bought by deferred payments from village garages. Competitive, good-natured, anecdotal, they scorn the salaried teaching pro as a Deerslayer might scorn the paunchy soldiery of frontier stockades.

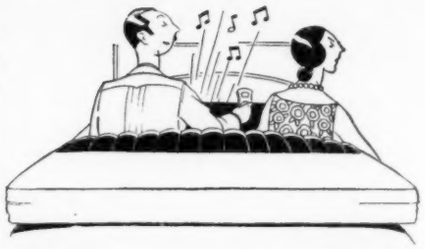
IT was characteristic of Armour and Diegel, who both understand the value of currency, to postpone the play-off of their tie until the Wednesday following the Saturday on which the tournament properly ended. There is a tradition in Ontario, apparently, against charging gate receipts on Sunday. When they did get started, after playing exhibitions over nearby courses on Monday and Tuesday, both were at their best. Winning would have meant a lot to Diegel, who has had a bad summer; every time it seemed as if he were due to come through and win a major event, he went to pieces—first in the British Open, then at Interlachen where his game broke up on one bad hole, and finally in the Met, where he quit half-way through. At Hamilton again, it was wonderful while it lasted. Even—two 69's—at lunchtime; stroke for stroke to the tenth hole—that was a contest for the book. If it had been match play, Diegel might have nosed through, but that 7 on the eleventh hole in the afternoon, brought on by a drive that kicked against a tree stump, was something no one could get away with against a stylist like Armour.

—N. B., Jr.

•

BERENGARIA IS IN 24 HOURS LATE
CUNARD LINER HAS TURBAN TROUBLE NEAR COAST
—Headline in the Brooklyn Times.

Slipped down over one ear, probably.



When words fail!!! *start the Crosley* ROAMIO

What married man or lovelorn swain doesn't recognize this picture? A quarrel—a misunderstanding—a late arrival at the appointed place—yet the CROSLEY ROAMIO helps solve them all. Parking, spinning along the highway, driving through city traffic—this greatest of all automobile radio receiving sets will do its stuff unfailingly. Thousands are already in daily use—and you'll get the kick of your motoring life out of your CROSLEY ROAMIO.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is extremely selective and sensitive. You'll easily get your favorite programs. The automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume, even on distant stations. You lock the CROSLEY ROAMIO just as you do your automobile. It uses Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, and employs the latest type Crosley dynamic power speaker.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO can quickly and easily be installed in your car no matter what its make. It fits snugly and conveniently under the dash, entirely out of the way. It will give you hours of satisfying pleasure and delightful relaxation. Consider too, that the price of this marvelous set is amazingly low—only $75.00, less accessories—installation extra. Go to your nearest Crosley dealer today—see the CROSLEY ROAMIO—hear it—drive with it. Or write for circular and name of nearest Crosley distributor who will arrange for installation. The CROSLEY ROAMIO is recommended for use in motor boats and cruisers.

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These Delicious, Less-Fattening Sweets Are Now Offered At All Leading Dealers!

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND
THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

THE ART GALLERIES

Down by the Tracks—Potpourri—The Summer Shows—Peaceful Banners

A SOMEWHAT pathetic note from the Grand Central Galleries, that true home of conservative art, implies that they cannot continue without some critical notice of one kind or another. It being their Founders' Show and the season of the year when art-reviewing is at its lowest ebb, this would be a good time to call your attention to the pretties that hang upon the walls high above the scurrying commuters.

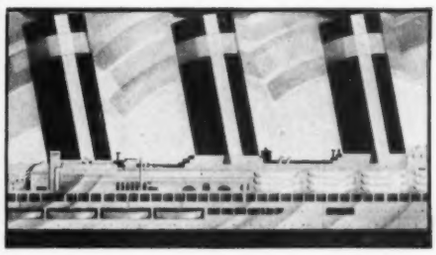
Time was, we recall, when the Grand Central Galleries were not only conservative but dignified. What they carried in stock was good of its kind, if you liked that kind. They flaunted their mediocrity with a gusto that was commendable, and in their handsome rooms offered a stirring stronghold for the glories of the nineties. But something happened. Every season now the Galleries get Modern and drag in some form of dissent that seems sadly out of place there. The current show, however, is composed of bits belonging to the Founders—odds and ends that the artists themselves contribute by way of club dues, that later go by lot to the fortunate and happy Founders. Naturally the best are for sale, so the club dues are wont to be paid in coin a little nicked or worn smooth by commerce or time.

There are pictures by Bruce Crane, and fields and streams neatly done by Chauncey F. Ryder. Cecilia Beaux has a portrait, and Hovsep Pushman some of his fruit and bowls. No doubt they are a great comfort to those who consider this form of representation to be beauty. In the front rooms are frogs, satyrs, and maidens, cast in lasting bronze, ready for the lawns of the sons and daughters of those who took their esthetic plunge in the era of iron deer and dogs.

The place is handsome enough, and visited by many wanderers. We pray it may some day come into usefulness.

WEYHE's new summer show contained as odd a miscellany as

THE TRANSATLANTIC VOGUE IS...
THE LEVIATHAN!



Step across that lustrous cloth of gold into the brilliant, exotic Club Leviathan . . . dance 'til dawn to a marvelous Ben Bernie dance orchestra . . . sit in rapture before first run "Talkies" . . . telephone home from far out on the blue Atlantic . . . read financial glad tidings on the blackboard in brokerage offices which provide a continuous stream of quotations . . . play the hours away at golf, tennis, ping pong and shuffleboard . . . cool your pulse in the gorgeous Pompeian Pool . . . dine of a cuisine that is an epicurean art . . . be serviced by a staff that is the last word in graciousness. Then, and then only, will you understand why those fashionables who are front page news go to Europe . . . on the magnificent LEVIATHAN, World's Largest Ship.

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Soon . . . the new

"Miracle" Giantess

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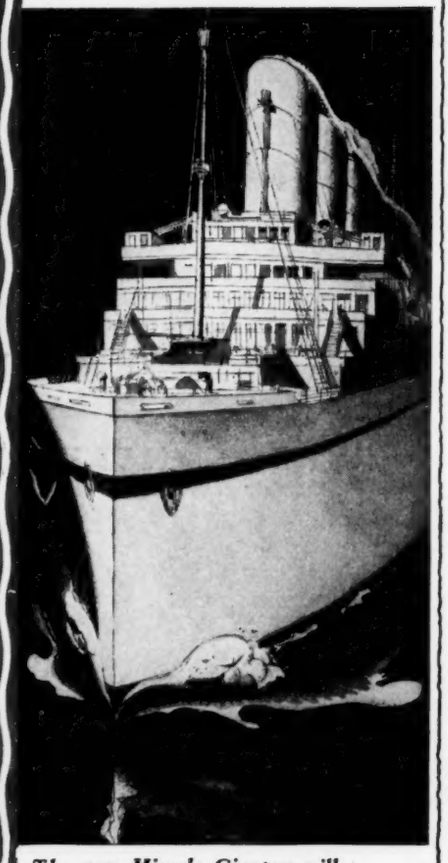
These Giantesses of the "Pacific miracle" are turning Far East into Near West. They make Hawaii a casual trip . . . Yokohama a luxurious 10-day voyage . . . 3 days later, they anchor at Shanghai, gay portal of the East . . . 5 days beyond, Manila.

The Empress of Japan outdoes even her sister Empresses in seagoing luxuries. Her large swimming pool is tiled in green and black marble. Her regal bedroom-drawing-room-bath suites open on private verandahs. Her expansive sports deck has its adjacent café. Lifts, telephones, pier-glass mirrors, inlaid teakwood floors, club-like lounges and children's play-cottage . . . all make her a perfectly-equipped holiday resort with service and cuisine in the New York-Paris manner . . . with extra comfortable second-class accommodations.



The new Miracle Giantess will lead the great white Empress fleet

Passing troller-junks of the Yang-tze-kiang

Speed to the Orient either via Hawaii, the paradise route, or direct across to Yokohama from Victoria and Vancouver. Ask for folder showing complete Empress sailings, ships' plans and illustrated color booklets on the fascinating Orient itself. Information, reservations and freight inquiries from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Montreal, and 29 other cities in the United States and Canada.

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you will ever find there. We were rather attracted by a simple and definite painting by a young man named Herbert Morgan. He uses broad surfaces and primary colors but manages to get something into them. We would like to see a lot of his work. In the exhibit were some of the old favorites: Wanda Gag, Ganso, Maurer, Pascin, and Rockwell Kent. Of interest to the antiquarian were the Catlin prints, gay things of a time when men were soldiers. Then there were some American Indian water colors; Ogwa Pi is the name easiest to spell.

Next to Mr. Morgan, we felt the greatest interest in an actual woodblock by Lankes. It is one of his mountain series, "The Doctor Calls." The wood somehow carries more of that haunting, poetic quality than do the prints that were run off from it. In these lines and these spaces you get a sense of the infinite pain (there is no other word for it) that ran out of the artist's fingers as he pushed his graver across the grain.

DURAND-RUEL also cling to the tradition of serving the art-hungry out of season. With no buyers to cross any threshold, they keep on, very pleasantly, with a fortnightly change of scene. The current hanging includes some Monets and some Sisleys, worth your time if you like the Impressionists. Then there are some of the minor singers such as André, Peske, Cassatt, and Loiseau, who spiritually belong to the first-named group but are not of their stature.

THE MACBETH GALLERY is to be thanked for a concise and expert map of the art activities of New England. If you like art with your motoring we advise you to write and ask for one of these guides. The de-

tails are too many for us to tabulate. But you may be surprised to find that there are thirty-two places where you can see permanent or summer exhibitions in the New England States. The map not only gives the routes by which these shows may be reached but states as well the time the galleries are open and what you may expect to see. In addition, we will mention the Lyme Art Association's exhibit, which is on until Labor Day and includes painters from the Berkshire regions of Connecticut.

THE Metropolitan Museum, in addition to the beautiful Havemeyer collection, has opened a show of the work of Winslow Homer. One of the nation's idols, Homer may or may not be immortal. At least he was prolific and sturdy and worked with a gusto so often lacking in the present-day purposeless painting.

IN the summer mail is another plea, that of our favorite traveller, Nicholas Roerich, who asks everybody to stand up and vote for a special flag for art. The flag has even been designed and approved by lots and lots of peace-lovers and notables. For some unknown reason it is not unlike the pawnbroker's emblem—three spheres on a white ground. It is the intent of Mr. Roerich and his friends to fly the flag wherever art is housed. Then, in case of a war, art will be as immune from enemy shells as are the camps under the flag of the Red Cross. We will cast our vote for the flag, providing that they will allow us to fly it upside down over all those places we pick out as being particularly in need of enemy shell-fire. —M. P.

•

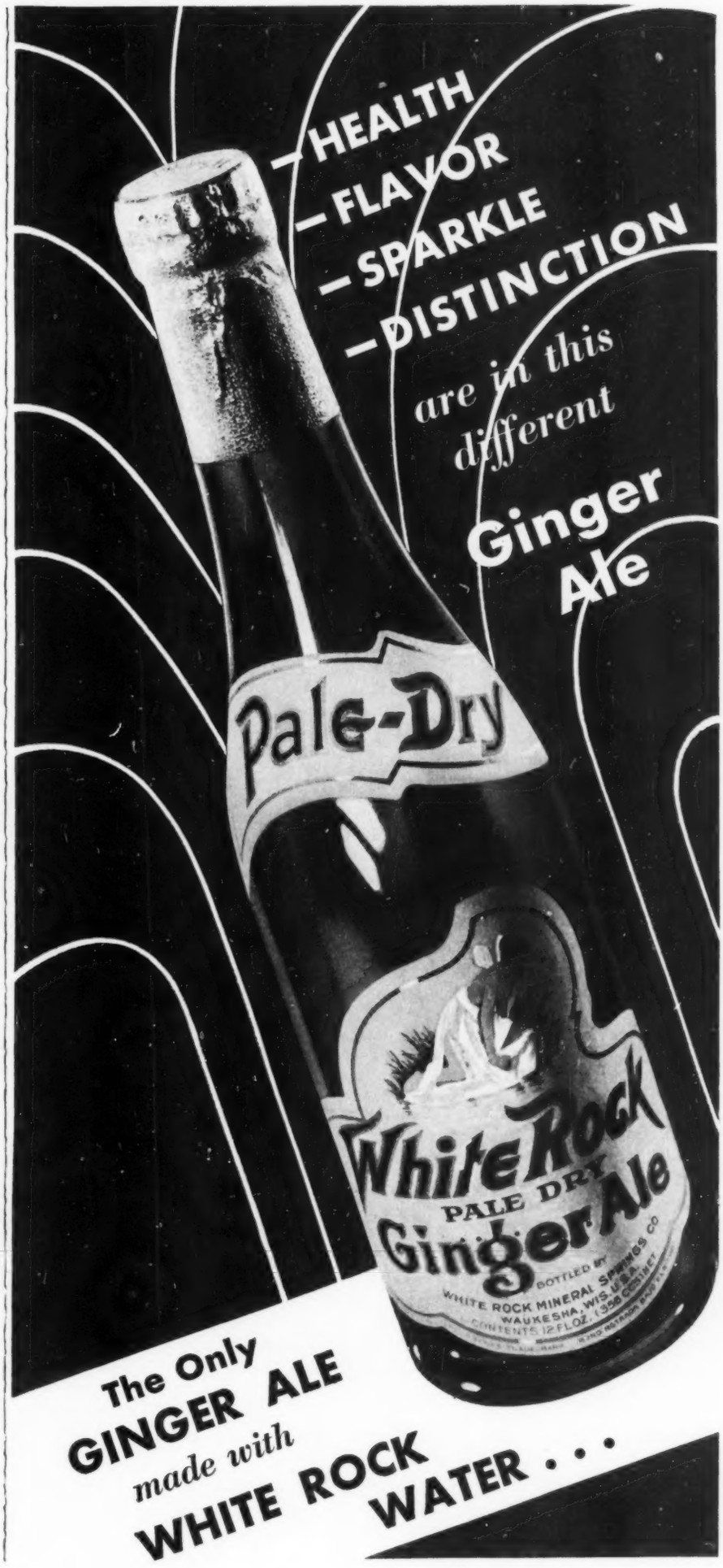
Clarence H. Mackay will give a dinner dance for Miss Grace G. Roosevelt, debutante daughter of the Governor of Porto Rico and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, on Jan. 30 in his home at 3 East Seventy-fifth Street.—*July 27 issue of the Times.*

That gives her time to throw a few things together.

•

He said, too, that any way the theater was acting in good faith when it engaged the ravishing star, whose famous song hit, "But You Should See My Aunt," is still hummed in France under her maiden name.—*Chicago Tribune.*

All things considered, no *wonder* we never heard of the song.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, JULY 30

TRY as I would, I couldn't trump up a single merry bit of gossip about advance Paris fashions for cosy Saturday-night reading. Try as I would, I couldn't inveigle Captain Molyneux into making official announcements that purple was going to panic Paris this winter, nor could I seduce Jean Charles Worth into coming out flatfootedly for the bustle. It looks, from this end of the season, like a good, sane year, with clothes that a girl could even have her picture taken in.

The little advance information that I do have has probably reached me about as soon as it got to the New York manufacturers. So you probably already know that half of the clothes which the buyers will take home from France this time will be dark green or dark brown. At least that is about the percentage that the fabric-manufacturers have turned over to the couturiers—though of course a lot of our best French tailors nowadays go to Scotland and even to Manhattan for their materials.

THERE is a lot of good news as far as the fabrics themselves are concerned. There is a whole new race of tweeds that will probably take the winter place of the summer print—thin, lightweight, tractable weaves combining wool and linen and rayon, and combining colors in subdued mottled patterns—these to be worn with solid-color tweeds of the reefer-cloth variety. From Lesur, you'll get another new race of materials that seem to be something like kasha until you find out they're made from combinations of wool with hare's hair, marmot's hair, and feathers. They're all exceptionally soft and sturdy and practical. From Bianchini you'll get a new Lyons velvet that is going to have something to do with the kind of evening clothes you'll wear for the next few months.

More than that I cannot tell you at this moment. But ask me about hats. Ah! that's another pair of sleeves, as all good French *mamans* say to their children. Paris is brimming over with a million new ideas about hats, and is willing to tell the world about them even before scheduled dates.

FIRST of all, you can be safe in dividing all hats with this year's Paris signatures into two classes: tricornes and their mutations, and berets and their mutations. And you can be certain that, no matter what hat you choose, it is never by any means to be worn straight on the head or within more than speaking distance of your forehead.

Marie Alphonsine is for covering the left ear and leaving the right one out in the open to shift for itself. Agnès, Reboux, and Patou tilt hats over to the right. Suzanne Talbot leaves you to decide the matter for yourself, so long as your angle is rakish, and the hair over your temples is in evidence.

Patou's berets are mostly of the very soft felt that can be gathered under plaits and folded into bows and puffs like fabric. He has two particularly young-looking ones that are a cross between a beret and a bonnet, pulled down over the ears with bows at the right of the back of the neck. One is

"But for the more difficult corners,
Madame should use the All-Purpose Brush."

MARSHALL your whims and fancies, your tastes and preferences — march them to W. & J. Sloane— turn them loose upon the assembled array of home decorations, furnishings and rugs. The attack will be timely and the spoils worthy, for distinct savings can now be made in all the fine furniture and accessories for which this establishment is noted. Living room, dining room, bed room ensembles — tables, chairs, lamps, pottery, objets d'art, Oriental and Domestic rugs—the variety is infinite, the quality constant and the pleasure of selection is yours.

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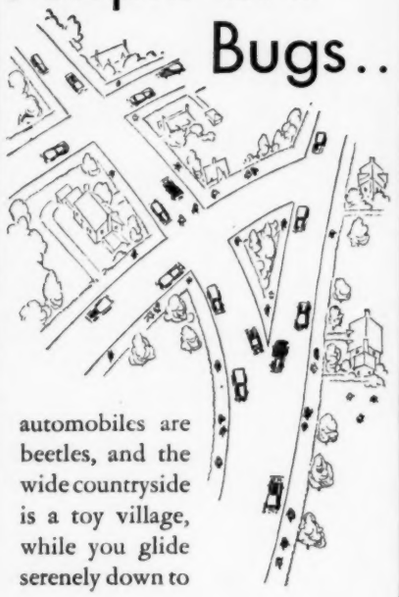

automobiles are beetles, and the wide countryside is a toy village, while you glide serenely down to

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in wine color, one in dark green; both are in solid color on one side, and printed in pin-dot pattern on the other. [Patou Nos. 2396, 2350, 2394, and 2399—you'll find them at Altman.] Another one of his berets is made of the material known at home as vis-à-vis, but here called *taupé réversible;* the glossy side is used, with incrustations of the matt side, in flower patterns. The beret crown [Patou No. 2439, which Macy has] turns suddenly into a brim, without any cutting; crown and brim are all in one. Like the other berets, it is pulled off the forehead, and worn with the hairline visible. He has a brown one [Patou No. 2446, at Macy] made of a reversible felt as soft as cloth, that has a brim turned up abruptly at the front and pulled down at the back.

In spite of all these berets, Patou hasn't forgotten how to make a good cloche. One of the best I've seen is his No. 2454, with a fair-sized brim that is pushed up off the forehead over the left temple. [Macy has it.] It has little diamond-shaped pieces of black astrakhan incrusted at the back of the crown, and a little fur bow. A thin sliver of astrakhan is incrusted into the top of the brim, in a line at the front.

IF you've ever been to Agnès, or worn an Agnès hat, you know what it is to be inoculated with that Rue St.-Florentin virus. In her shop, they know how to take any kind of material, from furniture plush to an old stocking, and twist it around, pull it onto the back of your head, stick in a bright-colored feather, and make you look dashing. She has a way with her, that Agnès. Off your head, most of the hats look like limp rags, but don't let that turn you against them; in fact, that's one of their best points—you can pack them in a bag or even in your pocket without spoiling a single line. Most of them are hand-knitted, but some are made of new fabrics that combine wool and chenille, and have a knitted look. Her little *couteaux*—little knifelike feathers—are in bright colors that remind you of Tyrolean trophies. Be sure to try on her Pheasant Vert—it turns up in front, and is pulled down over the right ear and out from the neck, to give a tricorne line. [You'll find these at Altman.] She uses the same little hunting feathers on formal hats too, like Coq de Roche—black soleil, with a double brim draped into tricorne lines.

You'll like Talbot's tweed and

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To keep late nights from registering in circles under your eyes—use an extra fingertipful of Geranium Cream . . . Skin food, wrinkle eradicator, contour refiner, gentle bleach—2 minutes at night . . . Make-up foundation and shiny-nose preventive—2 minutes in the morning.

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That's the way to tell coffee. Aroma is a definite indicator of coffee flavor. Smell Martinson's and you'll *know* how good it tastes.

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knitted hats, too. They are all exceptionally lightweight—even those that look as if they were made of flannel. Fontainebleau is the name of a tweed tricorne—up in front with two wood buttons, and flaring out and down at the back. The edges of the brim are cut raw, and finished with double stitching. Blaireau is a knitted cap of the beret type, in tweed colorings; the two feathers over the right ear look as if they'd been pulled from a shaving brush—just the right mottled coloring for tweeds. [Altman has both of these.]

NO use to tell you about velvet. You're probably wearing it in everything from boyish berets to picture hats, just as Paris is. If you can wear velvet at all (and who cannot?) you'll like Marie Alphonsine's No. 43—up in front and down in back, with a circular line of grosgrain incrusted in the crown; you'll like Reboux's La Flamme with its strip of brick-colored grosgrain pulled up over the brim from the left ear to the crown; and if you're very tall and given to formal afternoon things, you'll like Reboux's L'Heure du Thé, with its half-brim out over the right shoulder. [You'll find them all at Altman.] —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

NOT being a low type of girl who takes joy in breaking faith with them that trusts me, I am giving the evening clothes that Pattullo is showing a whirl. And lovely they are, too.

Most of them are fitted nicely to the figure, made very slim, and curved just enough, with no sharp indentation where the waist occurs and no sharp break in line where the circular fullness of the skirt starts its outward path. People with bony shoulder blades or angular shoulders will have to stay in hiding for another year, by all indications, for décolletages are lower than ever; and the shoulder-strap type of line in front, whether the straps be infinitesimal or nearly two inches wide, persists. These shoulder-strap things don't go straight around, either. They dip down in the back, and they dip plenty. For formal evening wear, this house likes to have its hems just brush the floor in back and clear it by a scanty margin in the front. A few of the dresses trail on the floor a bit, but the people here wouldn't be at all upset if you ordered these shortened. Dinner dresses are instep length; and they adore, this season, to have either

See America's West

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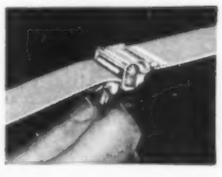

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an actual sleeve or the suggestion of one, with a deep décolletage in back and a deep, square neckline in front, for dash. They do this type of thing in transparent velvet with puffed sleeves and with diamonds of shirring occurring here and there, in slithery black satin, very close to the figure, with black satin designs applied on net for the full skirt and on the apology for a sleeve.

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For a spectacular entrance, a dress of a sort of nubby crocheted lace, combined with fringe to match and having a triangular scarf to cover your backbone if you choose, is the thing to make your mouth water. I saw it in an orange-red color that seems to be a particular pet around here. No, you *can't* buy direct from Pattullo. How many times does Mother have to tell you? But I won't tantalize you any more. —L. L.

•

An accident occurred Wednesday of last week at Four Corners, West Granville, when a car driven by Nathaniel Parker and one driven by Harold Ray of Hampton came together. Mr. and Mrs. Ray and niece were riding in the Ray car. A crate of strawberries which was on the car driven by Mr. Ray was crushed. They received bruises and cuts.—*Granville (N.Y.) Sentinel.*

They're good that way, with a little cream.

•

Miss Rosalie Housman gave an interesting talk on "French Modern Music." Miss Housman speaks with a vast knowledge of her subject on this difficult topic. French music, she said, has been with us since 1918 as a result of propaganda on the part of the French government.—*Pelham (N. Y.) Sun.*

She knows what she's talking about, all right.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Asthma at the Paramount
—Whose Baby Are You?

ALTHOUGH it was probably the best bet of the week, I wasn't altogether happy during my visit to "Grumpy," at the Paramount. As the querulous old lawyer who catches the criminal and gets back the diamond, Cyril Maude is in an almost continual eruption of gasps, coughs, wheezes—a perfect volcano of senescence. On a nice wide stage, such as the one on which "Grumpy" was played several years ago, I imagine that would be fine. If you didn't like it you could look at something else, and from time to time there might even be something else to listen to. At the Paramount, though, the play resolves itself into practically an unbroken series of close-ups of Mr. Maude, the sounds I mentioned also being magnified by the horrid machinery which attends to these things. It is a little like spending an hour and a quarter in a taxicab in the company of a man with asthma. Beyond this, the action of "Grumpy" seems a little too leisurely and unsubstantial for successful cinema melodrama. I'm afraid I can't recommend it.

I AM in something of a quandary about the adaptation of that old Harvard prize play, "Common Clay," which turned up at the Roxy. I called there in the morning and presently found myself the centre of a little sea of somewhat dishevelled ladies, who wept—a circumstance inexplicable to me, not because I am unsentimental, but because I thought it was rather a dull picture. There is a lot of fine old red-plush talk about the wages of sin, and some pretty rococo acting to match. The piece is concerned, roughly, with the double standard: the daughter of a lady, who has loved and been deserted, herself loves and is deserted. Everything, however, ends happily, due largely to the happy discovery that the lawyer who has been defending her seducer is really her father. Never having seen the stage version with Miss Jane Cowl, I am not in a position to say whether the arm of coincidence could ever be plausibly extended to quite this length, but at the Roxy it is

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all just a little preposterous. Constance Bennett heads the cast with, it seems to me, considerable determination.

THE third play to return to Broadway via the screen last week was "Little Accident," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., which opened at the Globe. As long as it follows the excellent dialogue of the Dell-Mitchell play—about half the time—this has its merits. The Hollywood contributions, however, are even more disturbing than usual. There are some new and altogether appalling comedy sequences in the hospital, and somebody, presumably the fastidious Mr. Hays, has decided that it would be more refined if they were really married that time in Boston and had just had it annulled. To me, at any rate, this sheds an entirely new light on the marriage laws. Apparently people are only wasting their time, trotting off to Reno.

JOAN CRAWFORD is at the Capitol in "Blushing Brides," a picture which debates the question of whether working girls ought to Take the Easiest Way or whether they ought to Wait for Mr. Right. If that doesn't happen to be your special problem, they've put in a fashion show on somebody's Long Island estate, and a rather large studio, complete with fountains, or what look suspiciously like fountains, up in the top of a tree. It isn't really as bad as that sounds—Miss Crawford has a sort of highminded vivacity, the photography is expert, and there's always plenty going on. Take it or leave it.

"THE FLIRTING WIDOW," at the Strand, is one of those mild little comedies that turn up from time to time on Broadway, pinning their faith, rather touchingly, on such familiar devices as funny-paper Englishmen and tipsy spinsters. —W. G.

•

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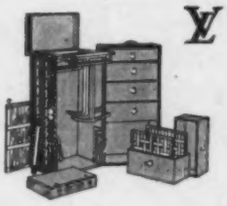

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JULY 30

WHEN you consider how much smaller hounds are than horses, the dog stakes in the recent finals, held at Saint-Gemme by the Society for Encouraging Dog-Racing in France and the Colonies, were high out of all proportion. The Dog Derby, at which the seven-hundred-meter speed record was cut to 46⅕ seconds, attracted not only twenty-four starters but a purse of sixty thousand francs as well. And at the canine Grand Prix of next year, the pot will be raised to one hundred thousand. In all the ordinary races of the past season the dog-money has been consistently equal to that offered at Longchamp and Auteuil, which should discourage not only costly thoroughbreds but also the owners, prone to wondering where the next oat is coming from.

By all these signs it may now be deduced that greyhound racing has finally come to France to stay, to outstay, very probably, the sport as it was mishandled in other lands. For the French *lévriers* are little ladies and gentlemen and run only before their peers: the failure two years ago to pass the bill permitting *pari-mutuel*, or public, betting on canines settled their fate and made it a refined one. Unable, without odds, to attract the café-waiters, cab-drivers, and tobacconists who are the best betters of France, the animals have since had to content themselves by privately running and jumping for rich prizes before such people as Lord Tyrrell and S. E. Quiñones de León, the British and Spanish ambassadors; Prince Pierre de Monaco, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergue, the Duc and Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld, and others of similar strain whose kennels and patronage have made the past season's meets at Saint-Gemme the most exclusively fashionable four-footed races of the year.

THE reception accorded "Sido," Colette's new book, has been exceptional even for a writer to whom exceptional receptions have become a commonplace. Once again and at greater length than usual she has been hailed for her genius, humanities, and

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perfect prose by those literary journals which years ago (when hailing any one of these three would have encouraged a young provincial writer) lifted nothing at all in her direction except the finger of scorn. "Sido" follows in the high terrestrial tradition of "La Naissance du Jour" and "Les Vrilles de la Vigne." It is enemy to all urban novels, has no plot, and yet tells of three lives all that should be known; it is, indeed, merely a fertile furrow plowed through the writer's past and turning up her progenitors, their habits, hats, horses, and souls—the little cosmos they swung among, living and loving on the land.

France is familiar with Madame Colette's family, fed to them through the years in different books and under different names. Her calm first-father-who-fed-snails in "Claudine à l'École" becomes, in "Sido," her fiery past-father-who-was-a-captain. But it is in the titular tutelary Sido, her mother, that Colette has excelled to such an extent that she should never dare use the face or figure again, this time finally exhausted by too much perfection. For Sido is the dominant, earthy individual, half-Hera, who "senses the changes in the weather by her antennae;" who, like a weathervane, calls her two neighbors mere East or West; who, the mother of many, blushes at seeing a bride of four days: in short, a personage on whom "every vegetal presence acted as an antidote and who had an odd way of lifting roses by their chins to look them full in the face."

French literature is peculiarly devoid of nature—indeed, there is hardly a tree in the whole lot of it; and to the French, despite their instinct to appreciate him, Hardy reads rather like pages from a seed catalogue. In their fine letters Colette is the first dendrophile they have possessed, the first writer to give them news of nature; she has the

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strangeness of a traveller who tells of an unknown land.

THE Duchess of Rutland, as a young girl with talent for drawing, was advised by Burne-Jones to study with no one, and he finished the interview by using her as the model for "The Blessèd Damosel." Judging by an exhibition of her works recently held here at Knoedler's gallery, he could still give her the same advice today with perhaps the additional suggestion that she sometimes draw somebody other than her daughter, Diana. Outside of Lady Diana Cooper as a nun, Lady Diana Cooper as Victory, and Lady Diana Cooper as a Madonna, she showed some delicately, historically accurate likenesses of the late Jeanne Eagels and Mme. Nina Tarasova, both of which were accepted by the Paris Salon. Her Grace has portrayed, among other imperial figures, Queen Alexandra, Kipling, and the Prince of Wales when a baby. For years certain of her sketches, portraying famous female friends of her youth, have hung in the Jeu de Paume at Paris. —GENÊT

•

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—BURKE BOYCE

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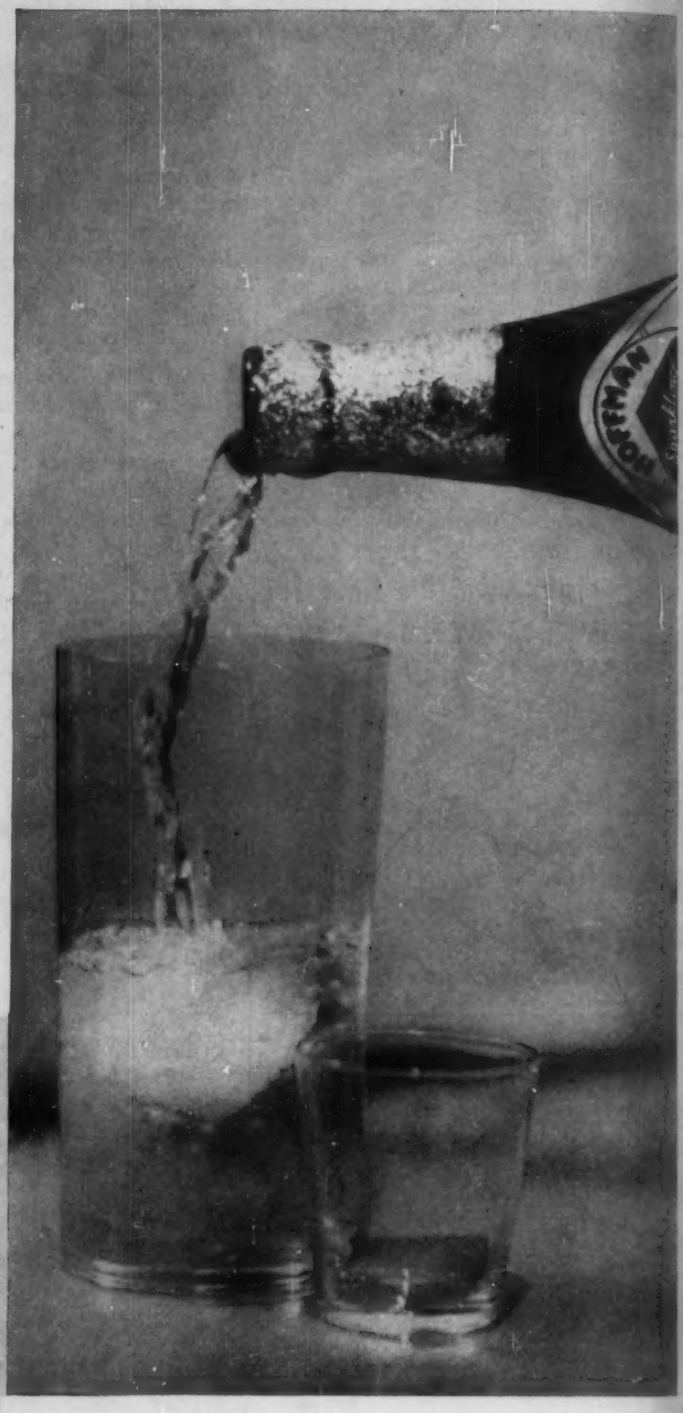

HOFFMAN
PALE DRY · LIME DRY

Fruit Beverages made from the fruit

ORANGE

GRAPE · RASPBERRY · LEMON

★CHERRY

• •

CLEAR COCOA BEVERAGE

AMBER GINGER ALE · BIRCH BEER

SARSAPARILLA · ROOT BEER

CREAM SODA

CELERY

Open a bottle of Hoffman Fruit Beverage—and watch Young Hopeful come a-running! It's the real fruit—in beverage form. Nothing but the fresh juice, pressed from ripe fruit—pure cane sugar—and sparkling carbonated water. Hoffman ★Cherry Beverage has all the bright, clear freshness of ripe red cherries—so good, so satisfying, so thirst-quenching!

GETAWAY

QUICK getaway is important indeed to the pheasant when danger threatens. And quick getaway is what carries the motorist through driving emergencies.

Ethyl Gasoline speeds up the getaway of any car because it is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline containing Ethyl anti-knock compound, developed by automotive research to provide a better motor fuel.

The new high-compression cars *must* have Ethyl to do their best. But the improvement Ethyl makes in older cars is just as marked.

This week-end, try Ethyl in the most congested traffic. You'll like it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

REF. STACK 5

'Vantage In

Swift and breathless, those final moments of thrilling play. Too swift and breathless to last. But there's an after-thrill that's even better: The quiet satisfaction of a good cigarette . . . so fragrant and rich, so mild, so incomparably mellow that it could only be a Camel. . . . And that's your advantage, too.

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